Collin's Walk

THROUGH

LONDON

AND

VVESTMINSTER,

A POEM in Burlesque.

Written by *T. D.* Gent.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetæ,
Aut simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.

Hor. de Art. Poetica.

Licensed March 27. 1690. Rob. Midgley.

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To the Right Honourable

Peregrine *Earl of* Danby,
Viſcount Dunblain & Lattimer,
Baron of Keviton, *&c.*

My LORD,

THE Diverſion that *Collin* has already had the good Fortune to give your Lordſhip at ſome times of leaſure, (when being retir'd from publick Affairs you have honour'd me with your Converſation) makes him now preſume to throw himſelf at your Feet, and withal, ingages me to appear in his behalf, Your Lordſhips moſt humble Petitioner: The little time of his being in Town, has not at all hinder'd him from the perfect Knowledge of your Character; that noble Nature,

and uncommon Goodneſs, that generally influences and obliges not only thoſe whoſe Merits have qualified 'em for ſuch an Honour; but even others whoſe Malice and Folly have juſtly deſerv'd your Contempt and Indignation; cannot be without the Extremity of baſe and partial Ingratitude, exempted from general Applauſe; and amongſt the reſt, has likewiſe ſo charm'd the Heart and Underſtanding of Poor *Collin*, that he rather chooſes to renounce the whole Body of Presbytery, by expoſing their Frailties to promote your Mirth, than endanger the misfortune of loſing that part of your Lordſhips Favour, which his benign Stars have already far beyond his Merit bleſt him with.

Nor am I, my Lord, tho a Petitioner for him, the leſs an humble Mediator for my Self: This BOOK with which I preſent your Lordſhip, and which I confeſ

confess was not design'd to please all Parties, having much the greater occasion to make its Court to you, 'tis my Happiness to know your Lordship to be of a clear and genuine Understanding, not sullied by the Town-Vices, of Malice, or unreasonable Criticism, tho capable of judging with the Wisest and most Correct, you will rather convince a Poet of his Error, by an easie Argument, than endeavour to raise the Structure of your own Wit, by crying down his, when he is out of your sight; And as your Generous Inclination to Arts, especially those of Poetry and Musick, incline you rather to favour and instruct, than detract or reprove a Professor; so 'tis impossible for the Muses to do themselves greater Justice or Honour, than to implore the Patronage of a Nobleman, so perfectly qualified, whose Soul agrees with Science by Sympathy, and whose admirable Vertue of good Nature, in-

 fluences

fluences the Poetick Art like another *Apollo*, and rather plants the Lawrel more firmly, than tears it from the Brows of any deſerving Author.

The Satyrical Part of my Poem need not offend any one that is Wiſe enough not to expoſe himſelf: My Lines being (as the Eternally Famous *Butler* once ſaid before,) like Salesmens Cloths, made for them only that they will fit; and with the ſame limit as *Juvenal* allows his Satyrs:

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri farrago Libelli eſt.

Your Lordſhips ſtedfaſt Opinion in Favour of the Church of *England*, gives me hopes you will be pleas'd the more with my expoſing her Enemies; the Illuſtrious Stock from which you have your Being, giving you daily a noble

noble Example of conſtant Candor for our Religion, as well as tender Love for your Country; that flouriſhing *Cedar* that has already adorn'd the Garden of one of our moſt lov'd and greateſt Monarchs, and now by Sacred Providence tranſplanted into the Boſom of a ſecond, no leſs affected and rever'd, do's not only appear the Courts chiefeſt Ornament, but its greateſt Bleſſing; the ſpreading Vigor of his faſten'd Root, will make him ſtill defie the Storms of Malice, and ſtand in ſpight of Fortune, whilſt the Indulgence of his Genuin ſhade, nobly refreſhes thoſe ungrateful Creatures who pine to ſee his Height and Virdant Glory.

This Theme would almoſt draw me to a Rapture, did not a juſt Senſe of my weak Abilities check my Preſumption: I ſhall therefore deſcend from that lofty Tract, to beg Pardon of your Lordſhip for this Prolixity, and prepare *Collin* to entertain you with his

Humor and Character, as also with the divertive Accidents in his several Walks, which I do assure your Lordship are entirely new, and I hope will afford you the satisfaction I expect they should: The Wit and Style I humbly submit to your Lordships Judgment, with unusual Joy to fall into such noble Hands, where I am sure to have generous Usage; your uncommon Affability, sweet and unaffected Behaviour, and modest Treating your Inferiors, ingaging the Hearts of all that have the Honour to know you, as well as that of

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble, and most Entirely Devoted Servant

T. D'URFEY.

THE PREFACE.

THE *various Sentiments and contentious Diſcourſes of the People, as well of Town as Country, being the undoubted Occaſion of the daily Animoſities and Diſcontents that perpetually riſe amongſt us, was the chief reaſon of my publiſhing the following Piece of Railery; in which I would inſinuate to 'em the little Benefit and Advantage they do Themſelves or their Country, by entring into Politicks and Grumbling againſt the Government, which (in the firſt place) they ſhould rationally believe it is improbable for them to alter; and ſecondly if there could be an alteration by other means, ſhould cautiouſly conſider what benefit either their Country or themſelves ſhould reap by a ſecond Revolution ſo unlike to be, without the ſevereſt Diſtreſſes that Blood and Slaughter can poſſibly bring upon us:* Euripides *ſays,* Mens una ſapiens plurium vincit manus; *If therefore the ſucceſs of all worldly Proceedings do's ſhew, that Prudence makes proſperous the Event of Human Actions,*

more

more than Railing or Violence, then I am ſure all Grumblers are at a loſs every Way, for they can only talk Seditiouſly, without effecting any thing, which in my Opinion is no part of Wiſdom: or if they ſhould happen to do any Thing perſuant to their own purpoſe, it would unavoidably be either a Damage to their Country or Themſelves, as the beſt Judgment of the Nation believes, and ſo conſequently in the ſecond place can never be quoted for an Act of Prudence.

I therefore in the following Diſcourſes between the Major and Country Collin, *have in a Method of Railery expos'd the Humors of a Grumbling Church of* England-*Man, and an opinionated Presbiter, taking this Burleſque manner of Writing to promote the Readers Diverſions in a greater meaſure than it could poſſibly be in a more ſolemn Stile; for I have taken Care both in* Collins *Character, and his Arguments to prepare a farſical Entertainment againſt Popery for the Brethren, and a pleaſant Interlude againſt Phanatiſcim for the Romaniſts, and ſhall be very well pleas'd if the Worthy Members of the Church of* England *will do me the Honour to ſit down and Laugh at both, they having ſome reaſon to do ſo; as well knowing that ſome little time ſince, both the others did as much for them, with a more than ordinary Satisfaction. Tho the Characters may be thought Satyrical, yet is there no particular Reflection upon any one; nor have I malicioufly expos'd any irregularity in the laſt Reign; or made*

any unmanner'd Remarques upon my Superiors, my sole Business being to rally my Country-Men into Union and good Humor; and to publish the Regard and Honour I have for the Establish'd Church, by explaining the Envy, Errors, Stubbornes's and Foppery of her two implacable Enemies, Popery and Presbytery.

There is nothing more common in this Age than Licencious Tongues, tho at the same time 'tis a receiv'd Opinion, That there is nothing more pernicious to the Government; every Illiterate Mechanick, that has but Stock enough to purchase a Dish of Coffee, has the Liberty, and as he thinks the Ability to judge of Politicks as well as the best of them that sit at the Helm.

The Generals Conduct in Ireland *is good or bad as he pleases to fancy it, and the haughty Monarch of* France *is to be brought down, or continue in his Opulency, just as his admirable Judgment thinks fit; 'tis from such as he the Scandalous Mint of False News is Coyn'd, which in this Town is always naturally so catching, that its infection spreads like a Tetter upon the ill blooded Vulgar; this sets the disconsolate Malecontent that has lost his Employment a Swearing; the Rich Curmudgeonly Common-wealths Man, that dams his Soul for six pence, a Railing; the Subtile Bribe-taking Lawyer, whose rich Crop is lessned by loss of the Dispensing Judges, a Brawling; the Stigmatiz'd Quaker, Sneaking Anabaptist, the Incorrigible Presbyterian a Canting; the*

the Squeamish Tender Conscience Parson a hoping, and altogether to joyn in the admirable Chorus of Grumbling.

The chief Cause of which disquiet, is the Times distress, occasioned by the late Revolution; and the troublesome Taxes and Impositions, which must of necessity follow so great an Affair, as the restoring our Church to her Ancient Priviledges and Rights; nor can any true English-Man who has any Honour in him, reasonably grudge a part of his Fortune to secure the rest, his Country and Religion, or suffer them to be again in Danger for want of some small Contributions;

As if she thought she could not want
Aid to her Title Militant;
But was her Self so mighty grown,
To fight her Battles out alone,

As our Friend Collin *has it: And tho to the Common Sort, and such as are destitute of Reason, as well as Consideration, every Taxation and Imposition seems heavy, needless or superfluous; yet the more Judicious know the Intentions of it, is to defend our Religion and Properties by a just War, and thence use the means the sooner to confirm a Peace to the People, which Peace cannot be procured without Arms, nor Arms without Pay, nor Pay without Impositions.*

In the Major's Character, I have endeavoured to describe the Right Humor of a Male-content;

he

he pretends to be of the Church of England, *but cannot allow that her Ruine ſhould be put into the Ballance againſt his Intereſt; let her loſe her Rights a Gods Name, rather than he his Office or Commiſſion, which makes him in his firſt Speech to* Collin *ſpleenatickly Argue,*

Had it not for us better bin,
If th' Pope or Devil himſelf came in;
Than thus t'involve our ſelves in War,
And plunge our Souls in endleſs Care,
By needleſs emptying of our Purſes,
Make all our Wives and Children Curſe us;
And all theſe rowling Miſchiefs gather,
For Conſcience, yet have none on't neither?

Which I think the Parties themſelves will own is as natural Grumbling, as Heart could wiſh, or as they themſelves could dictate; and if they ask me how Collin, *whoſe Character is a Country Clown, and conſequently ſordid and illiterate, ſhould be ſo good a Diſputant to oppoſe the Major's Reaſons; they may pleaſe to obſerve, that I have qualified him for Diſcourſe, by Obſervations from his Father, who was a Divine, a great Logician and Philoſopher; and ſince it is certainly every Mans Duty, as well as every Poets to do as much as his Capacity permits him towards the Advancement of his Religion, and the Benefit of his Country, either by leſſening their Enemies Reputation, or extolling the Merit of his*

his own Cauſe, I hope every worthy and true Engliſh Proteſtant of the Eſtabliſh'd Church (for I have no hopes of the Outlyers) will favourably allow the following Poem, which altho may not have weight enough to improve their Underſtandings, may have diverſion enough pleaſantly to paſs away an hour or two: I confeſs, I dare brag much of my own true Practice of Religion; yet I deſign to ſhew in this, which 'tis I Honour, and which (whatever my Enemies ſuggeſt againſt me) was ever my Opinion to be the beſt in the World.

I hope alſo the Majority of the Natives of England, *have Prudence enough to allow the ſame, and Honour enough to defend it againſt all Oppoſitions; for by that means they will the ſooner bring all diſquiet Male-contents to ſee their own Error, and by a general Union of Hearts and Tongues, reſtore their Country to that Happineſs which fatal Diſcord, and unreaſonable Grumbling at preſent deprives it of: I hope I may with Reaſon believe the Oppreſſion our Religion receiv'd, was the only Cauſe of the late Revolution; and alſo hope the King and our Judicious Patriots will henceforth ſo ſettle it, that it may never again be in Danger; and therefore what good, violent Animoſities, or any raſh Undertaker can propoſe to his Country or Himſelf, by indeavouring an alteration, I cannot underſtand, nor I think any one elſe who prefers proſperous Peace, before unnatural Diſſentions; and a Civil Community before a Civil War.*

It

It has been a receiv'd Maxim, That whoever have endeavoured to ſuppreſs by Violence an alteration in Government ſettled by the Judgment and Concurrence of the Major, and wiſer part of the People, which I hope is the Caſe now, have in all Ages promoted their own Ruins, without any ſucceſs in their Undertakings. Coſmo de Medices, *having gain'd an extraordinary Reputation in* Florence, *the Citizens imagin'd that to ſuffer it to increaſe was dangerous, and therefore by common conſent baniſhed him, which violent Proceeding ſo offended the Friends of* Coſmo, *being it ſeems the ſtronger and wiſer Party, that they afterwards forc'd his Enemies to recal him, and make him Prince of the City. The ſame happen'd in* Rome, *where* Cæſar *at firſt for his Virtues much admir'd and follow'd, became afterwards to be fear'd, and thoſe that fear'd, not conſidering their Power to be inferiour to his, endeavouring to ſupreſs him, were the occaſion of his greater* Glory. *I inſert theſe Examples only as Parallels that the Male-contents may ſee their own Ruine will not be only inevitable, but the Government ſettled the ſtronger by their raſh Attempts, and pointleſs Aſperſions; nor need I publiſh here the bleſſing of Union; every Mans Intereſt and Safety, being now beſt able to inform him, how extreamly neceſſary it is to make the beſt of our preſent Fortune, by a Dutiful Obedience to the Superiours that Heaven has ſet over us.*

To conclude, The rest is to desire every Critick, that is pleas'd to do me the Honour to read the following Piece, to allow me as much of his good Nature as he can well spare, assuring him there is nothing in it to offend him, or any one that will pass by the same sort of Railery, that has been us'd formerly; for the better explaining of which, I have at the End of the Book, written Annotations to every Canto, *which tho to the Learned may be needless, may to others be useful, who design to consider Honest* Collin *according to his Merit, whom if I find well receiv'd by the Party I intend him to divert, I will in the last three Days of my next Part, carry to* Westminster-Abby *to see the Tombs; to* Gresham-College *to admire a* Virtuoso, *and to* Bedlam, *to give him occasion by that Epitome, to make the better Remarques upon our Nation, and particularly upon his own Tribe, the Contentious and Irreconcilable (tho indefatigably Devout) Brethren.*

ERRATA.

PAge 4. line 2. read make, p. 5. l. 3. r. *Gnomon*, p. 8. l. 14. r. his, p. 12. l. 13. r. thrifty, p. 15. l. 14. r. fram'd, p. 47. l. 18. r. t' instruct, p. 74. l. 14. r. for neither, p. 75. l. 1. r. yeilded, p. 83. l. 3. r. these, p. 113. l. 11. r. likeness, p. ibid. l. 19. r. the Tract, p. 148. l. 15. r. to view, p. 178. l. 10. r. me think.

COLLIN's Walk, &c.

Argument of the First Canto.

Two Characters the parts Extolling,
Of th' Jacobite and Country Collin;
Their hot disputes almost to Rage,
On the Transactions of the Age;
The one exposing Popish Crimes,
The other grumbling at the Times;
Till that true Methods might be known,
They both resolve a March to Town.

CANTO I.

WHen Fate by Modern (*a*) Abdication,
Begun to cheer the blubbering Nation;
When Grandees fled for fear of Sledges,
And Constables Enacted *Reges*;

Whilſt the ſhorn Tribe at fatal Rumours,
Got to St. *Tyburn*, or St. *Omers*;
When crowds by Zealous Inſtigations,
Beat down the Priviledge of Nations
Like rotten Tubs, or empty Casks,
The bowels burnt of Popiſh Moſques;
And their (*b*) bold Chief that led them all,
Proudly had ſcorn'd his *Quondam* Stall;
Where often he with gore Embrew'd,
Had done his hungry Country good.
To manage now the Potent Rabble,
Spred in Battalions formidable,
Who can expreſs what fears did cripple
The Hearts, as well as Legs oth' People?
Eſpecially the Country Rout,
By Ignorance more expos'd to doubt,
Who when their Garlick Votes they give
To Coin a Repreſentative,
Tho the ſame time no Rhubarb purges,
So much as chooſing of the Burgeſs;

Yet having don't by wiſe direction,
Reſolve to ſtand by their Election,
And for redreſs of grievances
In cluſters join like Sawſages;
Some thirty thouſand, that for ſenſe
O're rated are at thirty Pence;

Amongſt their Rural *Myrmidons*,
This tawny Tribe of *Adams* Sons,
That met in Troops to make Confuſion,
Rather than help the Revolution,
Two only ſhall their Merit force,
To make our ſubject of diſcourſe.
The firſt a doughty Major was
In th' *North* ſo known for Clumſie Grace,
'Tis ſaid he once went very near
T'have been Elected Knight o'th' Shire;
Had not Fame blabb'd in his deſpite,
And nois'd him for a *Jacobite*,
A Modern Title us'd of late
For grumblers at the turn of State,

Who itching to be Loyal thought,
Makes freedom and Religion nought;
But e're we to his mind digreſs,
'Tis fit we write his ſhape and dreſs,
Both being rare in their extream,
And aptly ſuiting with our Theam.
His Noddle was of largeſt ſize,
Which ſhow'd its owner wondrous Wiſe,
Since bounteous Nature took ſuch pains,
Th' apartment ſhould not crowd his Brains,
As Watches that are deepeſt made,
Show beſt the Artiſt at his Trade,
The Springs and Wheels within that lurk,
Having more room to do their work:
So Nature his capacious Skull,
Still in his own opinion full,
Like Fabrick built with ſtudious care,
That Wit might take good Lodgings there.
His Noſe altho not ſprouting from
The honour'd *Naſo*'s of Old *Rome*,

By

By which they were esteem'd endow'd
With Wisdom and with Fortitude;
Yet was the Gnomen of his Face
As Famous in another Case;
And tho no Type of *Roman* power,
Had much o'th' Grandeur of a *Moor*:
Large, Round, and flatted by his Nurse,
As Traders use (*c*) *Bollonian* Curs:
His Face not skinn'd with finest Leather,
Like Warriour form'd to keep out weather.
By Wars abroad and Pox at home,
Indented like a Honey-Comb;
Where plain the dreadful marks did show
Of dint of Scab and dint of Blow.
And as fond Lovers make appear
That in the Dimples of the Fair
Small *Cupids* Lye, with pointed Darts
To storm the Fortresses of Hearts;
So *Mars* Inur'd to do hurt,
Lay frowning here in Flakes of dirt;

And danger peep'd from every Cell
To make him look more Terrible:
Upon his Chin no hair muſt grow,
Which made ſome call him an old Beau;
For Man of War, as wanton was
At Fifty, as a Colt at Graſs;
And had not th' Times his honour ſegu'd,
As often now had been Intrigu'd;
Surpriz'd and Charm'd his Martial Genus,
With the gay charms of *Nuda Venus*;
And tho the lower end of's Face,
By Barbers Art loſt hairy Grace,
Yet at the upper end there lay
Abundance thatch'd like Stack of Hay,
To guard his Eyes, of greeniſh Grey;
Beſides lank Treſſes an Ell long
On Poll, to ſhew the *Sampſon* ſtrong.

His Perſon beſt obſervers deem
Of portly Stature, tall and ſlim,

With

With parts of large extendure born,
To look o're Hedges and view Corn;
Or in a crowd at Country Fairs,
Peep o're the reſt at Cudgel Players;
But was in Actions Brave or Wiſe
No more than thoſe of leſſer ſize;
Nor had he worn (*'tis ſaid*) that height,
But for his Nurſe that took delight
To make him ſprowt as faſt as Hops,
With a ſtrong Broth of Nettle-Tops;
A Learned way to lengthen Youth,
As Daizy-buds to ſtint the growth.
Thus was his Perſon deck'd by Nature,
Thus dignified with form and feature;
And thus as Nature did her beſt,
So Natures Taylor did the reſt,
Making his outward Garb agree
Juſt with his Souls (*d*) Oeconomy.
His Coat was of that bloody hue,
That in paſt times did Fields imbrew,

On which did diſcontented lye,
Some ſparks of old Embroidery,
That flouriſh'd in their glittering ſtate,
In the ſad Year of Eighty Eight;
But now by dint of Fortune's flaws,
As torn and tatter'd as the Cauſe.
His Waſtcoat was of ſtubborn Buff,
Some ſay Fuizee and Ponyard proof,
Lin'd aptly to defend Contuſion,
With ſullen hardy Reſolution,
Where Muff hung faſt with Gauntlets in,
Made of an old tough Badgers skin.
And ſince 'tis needleſs to expoſe
His Stockins, or deſcribe, or Shooes,
Or Legs, or Feet, ſince't may be gueſs'd
They were Synonimous to th' reſt,
We'll ſpare their Vertues or Defects,
To fall upon his Intellects.

Firſt, that his Mind his Perſon ſuit,
He was much gifted in diſpute,

And

And whether of *Rome*'s Church, or *Greek*,
Or *Engliſh*, or he were to ſeek
For any (as 'tis very rare
To find Devotion in the War)
I know not, but affirm it ſhall,
That he durſt argue on them all,
Himſelf with his own Tenets pleaſe,
And thoſe he not confuted, teize.
In Politicks and Poetry,
So great a Critick none, as he;
Bold in conceit, in humour ſtrong,
Would back his Judgment right or wrong.
Tho ſtill his chiefeſt Talent lay
Diſputing in the Martial way,
None e're like him ſo perfect were,
In fighting o're the Civil War;
He'd tell what paſt then or before,
From *Edg-Hill* Fight, to *Marſton-Moor*,
With all their Actions and their Names,
From *Cromwell* to Unlucky *J*——

As readily as I can tell,
The Names oth' people where I dwell;
Moſt famous too of all the Nation,
In Methods of Fortification,
Renown'd abroad, and had been once
At th' Siege of *Gravelling*, and at *Mons*;
And ſeen beſides t'exalt his Joy,
(*e*) The Works of Famous *Charleroy*,
On which you need but tip his Tongue,
To hear a Speech of ſix hours long;
Loud and unweary without ſtint,
Which tho no truth, had method in't.

In th' Mathematicks he was right as
That Noble Artiſt fam'd (*f*) *Archytas*,
And ſpake as learnedly his part,
As he, in all the Terms of Art.
He'd tire your Ears with (*g*) Pentagons,
With Baſtions, Ravellings, and Half Moons,
With Counterſcarp and Parapett,
Rampires and Horn-works make you ſweat;

And

And all your Out-works would Aſſail,
With his Eternal Swallows Tail.
In brief, there was ſo much in's Sconce
Cry'd up by all the Romiſh Sons,
That all the Senate and their Senſe,
Their Threatnings and their Puniſhments,
Stopt not his grumbling at the State,
Altho he ne're could tell for what.

In this Wiſe Rank, where few are Sager,
Full of himſelf, appear'd our Major,
Who tho diſcarded from Command,
Did great in Self-opinion ſtand,
And in ſome cloſe Cabal of's own,
Each Night turn'd Nations upſide down,
Incourag'd by grave Inſtigations,
Plots and Diſperſing Declarations;
And caus'd poor Clod-pates wanting Reaſon,
To be whipp'd for't and ſent to Priſon,
But ſhew'd diſcretion great as Valour,
To keep his own Neck out oth' Collar.

Yet

Yet ſtill to further what he could,
And ſtir the Factious Party's mood,
Would blow Diſſentious Coals to burn,
In all he found fit for his turn.
Thus was our Man of War endued,
With parts as popular as ſhrewd;
Whom now we'll leave the Scene to vary,
And treat of his Contemporary.

Under a towring Hill, as ſteep
As ever yet broke Neck of Sheep,
Or lifted Beacon to diſcloſe
The bold Invaſions of our Foes,
A ſnug and thirſty Manſion ſtood,
Quite Muffled in a Verdant Wood,
By Houſwife Nature there deſign'd
To Neſtle Rooks, and keep off Wind;
And tho the well thatch'd Roof a Storm
Could balk, and dwellers keep from harm,
Upheld by the aſſiſtance good,
Of Poſt of Oak, and Wall of Mud;

Yet its beſt Refuge were the Trees,
In Winters cold Extremities.
Here *Collin* liv'd, *Collin* the Great,
Of whom we now make haſte to treat,
In happy Solitude poſſeſſing
Ceres and *Flora*'s chiefeſt Bleſſing.
And tho Fate here no Empire ſent,
Yet was there its beſt part content,
And *Collin* paying Rent in Pennance,
For being one oth' Majors Tenants,
Himſelf as Abſolute ſtill ſaw
As any Duke of *Modena*,
And manag'd yearly in his Hand,
Tho not his Titles, as much Land.
A Wight he was whom Nature made,
When ſhe was tir'd with too much Trade,
And in the hurry ſlipt away,
Not half made up the lump of Clay:
And as the Major ſome nice Eyes
Diverted with his Maypole ſize:

So

So *Collin* often us'd to do,
With *Pigmy* Corps as much too low.
His face could brag true Symmetry,
But that it chanc'd to want an Eye,
Thump'd out in Shire they call *Cornwall*,
With (*h*) hurling for a ſilver Ball,
A ſurly paſtime which they frame
To Match the Old *Olympick* Game,
And tho that loſs in a Town Beau
Would never be lamented ſo;
Who when he'd charm a Ladies heart,
With one Eyes glance performs the part,
Yet this no Rule in *Collin* was,
Who feelingly bemoan'd his loſs,
And wiſh'd for Eye agen to ſee
More than for Ogling faculty.
But ſince no Cure could be by Art,
He put the reſt in Mourning for't;
For up to t'other Eye the Bare
Was muffled with black tufts of Hair,

Sworn

Sworn foe to Scizars or to Razor,
And Savage grown as *Nebuchadnezzar*.
His bulk was larger made by Nature,
To make amends for Dwarf-like ſtature;
But then as if ſhe ſwore his Ruine,
And had forgot what ſhe was doing,
Each foot like an unnatural Brother,
Was running ſtill away from t'other.
And as great Maſters toil with thoſe
Who Dancing turn not out their Toes,
So he to walk like other men,
As often toil'd to turn his in.
Wiſe Providence, his uſeful parts
Fam'd not to Captive Ladies Hearts,
But gave him able arms and back,
To Weild a Flail and carry Sack,
And in all Stations active be,
Adapt to prudent Husbandry.
In which wiſe Art 'is ſtoried of him,
No Perſon e're was rank'd above him;

Not

Not (*i*) *Tuſſer* fam'd for Rural Wit,
Nor he the loſty *Georgicks* Writ,
Tho ne're befriended ſo with Hiſtory,
Could outdo *Collin* in his Myſtery.
He knew that Land lying *South South Weſt*,
Still for the Purchaſer was beſt;
By Thiſtles tall 'twould fertile be,
But ſmall or ſhort, the contrary.
Knew when young Plants were weak or ſtrong,
Could make Hops grow with Pidgeons dung;
Setting and Sowing tell t'a Day
The Hops in *March*, and Flax in *May*,
And tell the lucky hour with eaſe
In *February*, for Beans and Peaſe;
Search the hid Nature of the Moon
To find if Plants were ſet too ſoon;
And manage wane or waxing State,
As if ſhe had bin his Intimate.
He'd tell what Bullocks fate was Tragick
So right, ſome thought he dealt in Magick.

And

And as well knew by wiſdom outward,
What Ox muſt fall, or Sheep be ſtoter'd.
Nor was this all, for he as ſure
As he Deſtroy'd, had skill to Cure,
If any of his Flock were ſeiz'd
By heat, with wrigling Diſeaſe,
By ſheering off the Wool upon't,
And rubbing Duſt in Fundament,
The curb'd Diſtemper reign'd no more,
And he was ſounder than before.
In Gardening too he could diſcourſe,
Profoundly skill'd in Herbs and Flowers,
Knew Wormwood good to Murder Fleas,
That Honey and Water nouriſh'd Bees,
When Winter Tempeſts ill befriends,
And numbs with Froſt their Fingers ends;
Nay, even the Hogſty could not alledge
One fault in's Univerſal Knowledge.
He knew to treat a friendly Gueſt,
White Pig that Sucks before the beſt,

And ne're was found to be miſtaken,
In which was beſt for Brawn or Bacon.
In fine, he lov'd the Herd ſo well,
He oft would to his Neighbours tell,
That one in's Stye was near Relation,
To thoſe deſtroy'd by (*k*) *Dioclesian.*

Thus in the Ancient *Georgick* Lore,
Was *Collin* famous, and much more
Than did with his courſe Garb agree,
In Myſtical Mythology.
For he his outward dreſs declin'd,
To add perfections to his Mind;
And often wore, like Tatter'd wretches,
A Coat with ſeveral colour'd patches;
With Breeches germain to the Hide,
Whence the Thong came by which they'r ty'd.
A Natural and Careleſs habit,
Made to hunt Otter, Fox, or Rabbit;

But

But at a Fair, or on Lords-day,
Would blaze in Manufacture Grey.

Inſpire me *Phœbus*, to repeat here
The great parts of this little Creature,
Which Heaven did ſo profuſely give,
And cramm'd in Corps diminutive.
His Father was a grave Philoſopher,
That many a Myſtick Book did toſs over;
To know the Eſſences of Creatures,
Of Flowers and Fruits the hidden natures;
Of Bodies too the Species all
Homo or Heterogeneal:
Had been a Preacher, but turn'd out,
For being more learned than devout;
For leaving of Divine (*l*) *Drexelius*,
To ponder on occult (*m*) *Cornelius*.
Whilſt cloſely ſtudying the Black Art,
The Pariſh Ign'rance broke his heart.

He was the firſt could prove that Magick
Did leſſer hurt than prating Logick;
Since one you compaſs knowledge by,
And t'other teaches ye to lye.
That th' Sybils by that Art did know
Of Chriſt two thouſand years ago.
That *Magi* was the Name expreſt,
The three Wiſe men came out o'th' Eaſt:
And that Magicians ſcorn'd the Devil,
And held no commerce with things evil;
Tho our illiterate vulgar Loobies,
Will ſwear he daily ſucks their Bubbies.
He alſo knew that (*n*) *Zoroaſter*,
Was firſt that did this Science maſter.
Which ſoon improv'd by *Triſmegiſtus*,
And others that were fam'd Aſſiſters:
They prove Myſterious Magick lyes,
On three ſubſtantial Faculties.
Whoſe Theologick Influence,
As well as Mathematick Sence,

Proves

Proves uſe of Sacred Reaſon there,
As well as Sun or Moon, or Star,
And that 'twas Enthuſiaſtick ſolly,
To think things impious mix with holy.
Thus gifted was our *quondam* Parſon,
And tho our lately publiſh'd whoreſon
Could not thoſe ſubtle ſeeds acquire,
That ſprung and flouriſh'd in his Sire;
He had to ballance t'others arts,
A double ſtock of natural parts;
And Politiques, Statute Law or Civil,
Could argue like a little Devil.

As for Religion, that was beſt
That ſuited with his Intereſt:
Sometimes for th' *Engliſh* Church pains taker,
Diſſenter next, and oft a *Quaker*:
For that with him did beſt agree
That was like him, moſt ſlovenly;
He took firſt method from their Clothes,
And next their ſnuffling through their Noſe:

Read and knew all their ableſt men,
From *Naylor* down to *William P*—;
And could diſcourſe emphatickly,
On all their Canting Sophiſtry.
In brief, to ſift him nearer home,
He was all Sects but that of *Rome*;
Sworn by his Sire their Tribe to hate,
As once was (*o*) *Hannibal the Great*.
Not Hunters to the wearied Hare,
Not Fox to Dog, nor Dog to Bear,
So fatal was, nor fear'd a Gueſt
As *Collin* to a Baldpate Prieſt,
The Ancient Creeds he could maintain,
Whither th' Apoſtles or *Nicene*:
By dint of ſolid Argument,
Confound their Council too of *Trent*,
And could knock out as with a Club,
The very Brains of their *Tranſub*;
By plaineſt Proofs and common ſenſe,
Deny their ſeven Sacraments;

And

And to the Church of *Eugland* do
The Right; to prove there are but two.
When Humerous Will, or Quaking Zeal,
For Intereſt made him not Rebel,
None could be more a ſam'd Inſtructer,
Bawl or Diſpute more like a Doctor.

This Inſpir'd Wight, this more than Span,
This Renown'd Microcoſm of Man;
Major with Counſel Grave and Hearty,
Strove to bring over to his Party.
And now upon the ſame concern,
Was come to th' door of an Old Barn,
Where *Collin* that at Thrift was early,
Was filling up a Sack with Barly;
Who after common Complement,
Of how dee, Nod, and thank ye, ſpent,
He looking up, and ſeeing a Sager
Grimage, than us'd in face of Major;

Desir'd him to the House draw near,
And taste a Cup of his *March* Beer;
Which being with surly grace agreed,
Away they march with no great speed,
To enter into Parlour low,
Built for convenience more than show:
The cleanly inside of the Room,
Declar'd its Friendship with the Broom:
For as in Palace built with Cedar,
No Spider e're can be a breeder;
So here where Rue with Rushes lay,
You were as safe from sawcy Flea.
The story of the Prodigal,
Instead of Arras, deck'd the Wall:
With Proclamations mix'd, and Votes:
The Suffering Phiz of Righteous *O*——.
Jenkins and *Naylors* Exhortations;
And *Grizzels* Ode, so fam'd for Patience;
The thrifty owner did invent
For cheap and comely Ornament.

When

When having given Thirſt its due,
And each had quaff'd a quart or two;
Then for a while, like Topers bred,
Look'd Wiſe, and no great matter ſaid:
The Major firſt began to open,
And rouze up *Collin*, half aſlopen.

Quoth he, the ferment of this Beer,
Which we have drank ſo largely here,
Preſents me with an apt occaſion
To deſcant on the frothy Nation:
The Genius of the Land throughout
Being much like a large Bowl of Stout:
For as ſtrange fumes of Brain make ſeizure
Of thoſe that in exceſs take pleaſure;
Which oft cauſe Rage, & ſometimes Scourging,
Qualms, Head-akes, and obſcene diſgorging;
So fares it in this Revolution
With ſome that nouriſh'd the Confuſion;

Who

Who may perhaps ſpew out with leiſure,
What they took in with ſo much pleaſure;
For as none know what cramps our Toes,
So well as we that wear the Shooes;
And none can judge of Courts or Factions,
Till they have ſtudied their tranſactions,
Is plain; yet that I may not be
Guilty of blind Temerity;
From the firſt Juncture, to this moment
I've doubted ſomething ill would come on't.

At this the ſubtle *Collin* ſcratch'd
His Crown, with Sable Treſſes thatch'd;
And ſmil'd to find his Landlord Tory,
Still pumping him on the old ſtory.
But to hear more, thought the beſt way
To give him Line, and let him play.
As skilful Fiſhers make a ſhift
To tire what is too big to lift.

This

This thought was juſt agreed upon,
When ſtrait the Major thus went on.

I came (ſaid he) of a good kind,
So much to Charity Inclin'd,
That even Vagabonds and Mumpers,
Have from my bounty had full Bumpers.
The Blind and Cripples in the Street,
I've oft reliev'd with broken Meat;
And many a *Chriſtmas* Waſſel Bowl,
Has felt the largeſs of my Soul.
Nor am I only thus inclin'd,
There is a Bounty of the Mind,
Which th' Ancients call Humanity,
Still ſo predominant in me:
It th' firſt excels beyond all price,
That offers Alms, but this Advice:
And tho beſt Rhetorick ſeems dull,
When th' Hearers belly is not full;

Sure

Sure ours that are, may give us leave
To hear, and if we hear, conceive.
Thou haſt for ſome months paſt been falling,
As ſurely as thy Name is *Collin*,
Into the moſt abſurd miſtake,
That ever ſenſe abus'd could make,
And 'twill be difficult I doubt,
With all my skill to help thee out;
For as men drowning, wanting ſences,
Drown thoſe that come to their Defences,
When if they would leave off their plunging,
They might be freed from watry Dungeon:
So I, perhaps, befriending thee,
May bring my ſelf to jeopardy.
Doſt thou not ſee, thou lump of Nature,
Thou ill-contriv'd, unfiniſh'd Creature,
What Ruines this late turn has made,
By Taxes, and by loſs of Trade,
When ſtill the weight of Court Ambition,
Falls moſt on thoſe of thy condition;

'Tis

'Tis their tough hands muſt help the Cauſe,
Their Labours back the Church and Laws,
Elſe all the Trooping Men of Blood,
'Tis thought would do but little good.
Had it not for us better been,
If th' Pope or Devil himſelf came in,
Than thus to involve our ſelves in War,
And plunge our Souls in endleſs Care,
By heedleſs emptying of our Purſes,
Make all our Wives and Children curſe us;
And all theſe rowling miſchiefs gather
For conſcience, yet have none on't neither.
Did not a Doctor t'other day,
That ſince has been forbid to Pray,
Declare the War to us would bring,
More ills than any *Romiſh* King,
And tho he now is Silenc'd for't,
The Phraſe was pithy, tho 'twas ſhort.
And many more of the ſame Mould,
That Orthodox Opinion hold,

Which

Which tho they Mouth it not in Halls,
Is frequent in their cloſe Cabals,
Where they whole Kingdoms, with delight,
Turn topſy turvy every Night.
But thou becauſe thy poring Head,
Has learnt to ſet a mark and read;
Canſt tell when Sheep are to be ſhorn,
And bruſh the Mildew from green Corn;
Becauſe thy Father, as I hear,
Was thought to be a Conjurer;
Dar'ſt to our Party give offence,
With dull Inervate fumbling ſenſe,
And on wrong ſide thy ſelf diſcover,
When I have pray'd thee to come over.

Quoth *Collin*, That I am a fumbler
In Wit's as true as you are a grumbler,
Yet dare affirm, tho with ſubmiſſion,
You are as bad a Politician:

Dreams,

Dreams, Whimſies, and unquiet Brains,
In all your buzzing Party reigns,
Which makes ye argue, rail and fight,
And think y'are always in the right,
When I can prove ſubſtantially,
There's none of ye ſo Juſt as I,
For my Religion is not known,
That yet I e're did plainly own:
Yet am ſo far your Churches friend,
I can her principles defend,
'Gainſt all would break or make a flaw,
In Creeds Eſtabliſh'd by the Law;
In all revolves and turns of State,
Decreed by (what dee call him) Fate.
What's War but an Extream to try,
To do the Nation Juſtice by,
When the Neceſſity o'th' Cauſe,
Exacts Defence of Church and Laws?
For who dares boldly own a Church,
That dares to leave her in the lurch?

Pretend

Pretend he's willing to enſure her,
Yet grudge at Taxes to ſecure her,
As if he thought ſhe could not want
Aid to her Title Militant,
But was her ſelf ſo mighty grown,
To fight her Battels out alone,
Whilſt all the while the ſewds occurred,
Becauſe, perhaps, y' are not preferred?
The Nation's in a loſt condition,
Becauſe y' have loſt your late Commiſſion;
Or that the Senate takes occaſion,
To queſtion ſome late Court Relation,
You'd ſeem to abhor Popery,
Yet hate that any Change ſhould be;
Neglect the Souls Divine Profeſſion,
By ſcrupling Temporal Succeſſion;
Deſtroy your Peace and Countries both,
By kecking at th' Allegiance Oath;
And tho the *Engliſh* Church you own,
Still do your beſt to run her down.

Whilſt

Whilſt I the Lump, th'unfiniſh'd Cripple
Prove more the Champion of the People;
Diſcovering of a firm neglect
Of all your ſtubborn grumbling ſect.
I Popery thraſh, as with a flayle,
And tell a plain and open Tale;
Whoſe bare-fac'd Reaſon ſoon ſhall be,
The bane of all Prieſt Sophiſtry;
Confute their (q)Baptiſm, Confirmations;
Their Matrimonial Conſecrations:
Their Euchariſt, Orders, Extream Unction,
Their Penmance too? that worſt Injunction,
With all the other Foppiſh Geer,
As eaſily as drink this Beer.
When you, that ſhould perform all this;
Since that Religion you profeſs;
In grumbling clubs, your rancour ſhew,
And now would have me do ſo too.
The Major at this deviliſh ſhock;
Look'd red, as any Turky-cock;

And ſpite of all his ſubtle Arts;
Quite daſh'd and ſtun'd, at *Collins* parts;
But on a ſudden, recollecting,
And ſlyly knowing the neglecting
Of what was ſaid, would look moſt wiſe:
After a fleer or two replys.

Quoth he, when ere thou get'ſt half mellow
Thou art the plaguieſt little fellow:
The ſoundeſt Arguments in vain
Attempt to ſtorm thy Pericrane,
No proof, tho ne're ſo much in ſeaſon,
Can ever bring thee to hear Reaſon,
For as 'tis vain, to greaſe their Chops
With dainties, that are fill'd with Scraps:
So bitts of Logick, here and there
Quirks and old Saws which thou doſt hear;
Cram thy conceited brain ſo full,
'Tis ſenſe loſt to trepan thy ſcull,
Thy prick-ear'd Sire taught fallacy,
And th ou by natral Induſtry,

Framing

Framing a Lye, canſt make it prov'd
Art's Couſin Germain once remov'd:
For tho thou twit'ſt me with my pauſe
Of Action, in the Churches cauſe;
My grumbling at th' unquiet times,
Taxes, and diſobedient Crimes;
And ſlyly wouldſt thy ſelf imply,
A better friend to th' State than I:
Ile prove, that know the Cheat too well,
Thou'rt of a ſect us'd to rebel:
A Canter, an aſſembly Man;
A true blew Preſbyterian;
And ſometimes as the Saints agree,
A Quaker for variety:
I know thou canſt our cauſe diſpute:
Thou can'ſt, but didſt thou ever do't?
Vaſt odds there is to either faction:
Betwixt capacity, and action;
Strong Decrement, and difference too:
Between I can do't, and I do:

Have I not known this many years?
Thy Love to th' Tribe with the long Ears,
Where primming Sister, Aunt, or Coz;
Tune their warm Zeal, with Hum and Buz:
And bobtail'd Rogues are zealous at it,
On purpose to affront the Statute.
Did I not hear thee splutter once,
Because one call'd *Hugh Peters* dunce,
And swear that Chaplain of Old *Noll*
Out-preach'd the Bishops, at *White-Hall*:
That *Baxter*'s call to th' Unconverted
Had force, even on the marble hearted:
Nay, in unhappy *J--s*'s days
Thou didst, or I'me mistaken, praise
His acts of Grace, who stil'd ye Friends,
Because ye suited to his Ends,
And knew to ruin th' Churches hope;
Rather than them, you'd bring the Pope:
How comes (I fain would know) th' Abuses?
The jarring late between the Houses?

But

But by your party Synogoguiſh,
Not half ſo Politique, as Roguiſh;
That for their Intereſt, or, for Hire
Make Brands, to ſet us all on fire:
Yet thou a little ſhrub, or worſe,
A block for one, to mount a Horſe;
A Hodge-podge of the Sciences,
Deſign'd by fate, in wits diſgrace,
Dareſt with bold confidence direct me,
And tho my Vaſſals contradict me.

Quoth Collin, Tho I am your Tenant;
Take heed how you affront the Senate:
And ſo by Teſty Will miſled,
Bring an old Houſe upon your head.
As for my ſelf, what's ſaid of me,
My Perſon, or Ruſticity;
It only gives me leave to gueſs,
The force of your uneaſineſs:
Shrub, or what elſe to me's the ſame,
If men can know me by that name:

And tho you're fram'd more large by nature,
What are you tall Boys ere the better?
Unleſs you mean, to pride your ſelves
For reaching Cheeſes, from high ſhelves.
Hows that? quoth Major, Hold quoth *Collin*
I am not ſuch a Knipperdollin;
Not to allow as the caſe ſtands,
That you are ſtronger of your hands;
But that your tongues, your heads, or hearts,
Your judgments, or your other parts;
Excel in virtual faculty:
Craving your pardon, I deny.
Then granting that I am a Whig:
As you the queſtion ſeem to beg:
It there ſhould get the upper hand too:
What Church I ever own I'le ſtand too;
This war would little have to do:
Would all you grumblers do ſo too,
I am for Union in the Main:
What ere opinion I maintain:

For *Englands* wrongs, can nere be righting,
Where fractions are, and diſuniting:
Joyn all againſt the common Foe:
And then ſee what the French can do;
I heard a tale related once,
Of an Old man that had three Sons,
Always at Jarrs, and making pothers;
That is, agreeing juſt like Brothers:
He having long obſerv'd their tricks,
One day a bundle fetch'd of Sticks,
And bad each ſeverally take it,
And try with all his force to break it:
This being not likely to be done,
He then to each of them gives one,
Which was, with very ſlight endeavours
By each as quickly broke in ſhivers.
My Sons, ſaid he, ſuch is your ſtate,
This is the Emblem of your fate;
In union joyn, you danger ſhun;
But ſever and you're all undone.

Zounds, quoth the Major, I am well
Acquainted with this parallel.
But how can we a union make?
When no one knows which ſide to take;
To make the Reaſons better known:
Let's both reſolve a march to Town:
And that I'me generous, thou mayſt ſay,
I'le bear thy charges all the way,
There, if thou doſt not find ſuch Flaugers,
Such Scoundrels, Pimps, and Pettiſoggers;
Such Crowds of Prieſts, in Parſon's Gowns;
And 'gainſt the Government ſuch frowns:
That ſhall thee to their ſide unite,
And fix thee for a *Jacobite*,
Thou ſhalt no more be rul'd by me,
But I'le come over, ſtraight to thee.

Agreed, quoth *Collin*, I ſhant win,
Or loſe ought by't, now Harveſts in;

And

And tho there is an aukward Fear
Hangs o're me, cauſe I ne're was there,
That my Behaviour may not yoke,
With the nice Princums of that Folk:
There's one that will my pains repay,
That owes me Twenty Pounds for Hay:
Pleaſure with Profit, ſay the Ancients,
Is beſt, when we take care o'th main Chance;
And tho I am not ſo Exotick
As he you call a Rank Phanatick:
Yet I muſt own the pleaſingſt Duty
Is, when Religion's mixt with Booty.
This ſaid, they top'd off t'other Quart,
Then for that Time agreed to part,
Major to get his Horſe, and Piſtols,
And *Collin* too, to furbiſh his Tools;
Reſolved for th' Town their Courſe to bend,
And a whole week in pleaſure ſpend;
Now mouldy Boots, well ſuppled were
And dragg'd from Graſs, the Py-ball'd Mare,

Pannel

Pannel with Girts on either ſide,
And Head in Halter trimly ty'd,
Expecting when her doughty Rider
Should Settle either Leg beſide her,
Which in a day or two being done,
And *Collin* with grey Jacket on,
And long *Toledo* hanging juſt
At hand, well oyl'd to hinder Ruſt,
Made his firſt Onſet on the way,
To meet the Major *Cap-a-pee*:
The Neighbours thought, they ſaw a viſion,
All wondring at their Expedition;
And every clowted Plowman ſtares
At *Collins* Graces, and his Mares;
Where now we'l leave em, to purſue
The Journey with our mighty two:
Who after three days tireſome Jogging,
On *Sunday* even found their lodging.
An Inn, where Gueſts well treated were
Near to a place call'd *Temple-Bar*:

When

When having ſet their Horſes up here,
And took an Egg or two for Supper,
Each ſoon complain'd of drowzy Head,
And by agreement went to Bed,
Where tired Nature Sleep repairs,
And locks their Sences from their Cares.
But what befel them when they roſe ;
The Second *Canto* ſhall diſcloſe.

The End of the Firſt Canto.

MONDAY's Walk.

Argument of the Second Canto.

The walk begun, the Rabble flock
Round Collin, *at Saint* Dunſtans *Clock*;
Who arguing on the naked Figures,
Was likely to be whipp'd like Beggars,
Till Major out of Chriſtian Pitty
Reliev'd, and drag'd him into th' City;
Which happening on a Lord Mayors day,
They both fall into another Fray.

CANTO II.

NOw had the Goddeſs of the Year
Long flouriſh'd in her Summer Geer,
And envious Autumn in Revenge
With duſt had ſpoyl'd her green Fountange,
When

When our two worthies came to Town:
To make their different Tenets known:
Who, having riſen from their Couches,
Awak'd with *London* Cryes and Coaches,
Their Hoſt in getting Breakfaſt buſied,
And to their Steeds made formal viſit;
From Lodging door, they march'd away,
To make the Progreſs of the day,
And paſſing under *Temple-Bar*,
Collin whoſe buſineſs twas to ſtare,
Oagling about, on t'other ſide
Over the Gate, aloft had ſpy'd,
The Image, of that Royal Maid
That forty Years this Nation ſway'd:
Defending it victoriouſly,
Againſt the Devil, and Popery,
This object had ſo charm'd his Noddle;
And tip'd his Tongue to begin Prattle,
There would have been a ſpeech no doubt here,
Had not the Coaches throng'd about here,

So

So thick they did of force prevent
His Honours, and his Complement,
Beſides a Jogg from th' Major, who
Now found, 'twould be ſome work to do
Juſtice, and make the Mob forbear
Jibes on his fellow Traveller.

Near th' place where Shoals of Lawyers live,
And by the Subjects ruin thrive,
There ſtands an ancient Houſe of Prayer,
Which is by thoſe inhabit near;
Eclip'd St. *Dunſtan's*, and ſo nam'd
From that bleſt (*a*) Saint of old ſo fam'd;
That with the Devil, hand to fiſt,
Once argued on our Saviour Chriſt,
Who finding all the proofs but fictions,
That Satan, tho his Contradictions
Were anſwered, yet, would ſtill oppoſe,
Made bold to take him by the Noſe,
And right the Church, and his own Wrongs
With a huge pair of Red-hot Tongs:

Since

Since when his fame ſo much is priz'd,
And by the Town ſo Canoniz'd:
His Piety, and Worth's expreſt
Even from the Eaſt, unto the Weſt;
His Picture publiſh'd, and his Power,
From th' Chappel, to the Tavern door.
Cloſe to this Holy Wall there ſtands
An Engine built by human hands:
To ſhew the depth of mortal Senſe;
And prove Mechanick Excellence:
Two Savages arm'd with Battoons,
On Bells, make here alternate Sounds,
T'expreſs the Power of Art ſublime,
And ſhew us how we waſte our Time,
Daily, by this we teach our Eyes,
Or Ears, the proper Time to riſe;
And as much ſtands us too in ſtead:
Inſtruct us when to go to Bed;
The Town ſo much is rul'd by this,
Some Students make Hypotheſis,

That

That did it not the hour repeat,
Men knew not when to go to Meat;
Or take it in a nicer way,
Not when to dine, or when to pray
Such Miracles it could impart:
By myſtick Horologick Art:
And now had drawn great numbers thither,
Of all Degrees, commixt together
The naked Savages to ſee
Perform their hidden Myſtery;
Who yearly had the hour made known,
And Day, and Night, each quarter ſhown.

Amongſt the Crowd, this fam'd deviſe:
Had now attracted by the Eyes
Collins concern was none o'th' leaſt:
His preciſe Senſe could not digeſt
Figures ſo near the Houſe of Prayer
Undecently ſhould ſtand ſo bare,

Therefore

Therefore tho Major backward drew him
Fore-knowing what would happen to him:
With voice moſt audible, and high;
Thus eas'd himſelf, on thoſe were by,

I am, quoth he, juſt come to Town:
And if I had before-hand known,
What I perceive now comes to paſs,
My Mare ſhould ne're have ſtirr'd from Graſs,
At leaſt, to give me the Occaſion
Of noting this Abomination;
Well may our Brethren rail at Churches,
When thus their guilty Walls, and Porches
Are ſlandred, with the Effigies
Of Savage Beaſts, and Nudities;
What greater Sin can be? or folly?
Than to mix Shameful things with Holy;
Where Saints and Cherubs ſhould have been,
To place two Fiends with parts Obſcene;

Who but for Rag tack'd round the Waſt,
Would even from Sences fright the Chaſt,
Thoſe that will take the pains to read
May hear of (*b*) *Æthiops* indeed,
Where thoſe of either Sex ſtill wore,
No other Robes but flaps before;
And if they met Friend or Relation,
To ſhew their breeding, 'twas the Faſhion
To turn the Flap a little by,
And ſhew each other Courteſy,
Which paſs'd as well with them, as now
With us, a Courteſy or a Bow;
In *Affrick* this might apt appear,
But 'twould be Devilliſh manners here:
Suppoſe this Savage ſwoln with Pride,
Should Beaſt-like turn his Flap aſide;
Which, with this hand he might as well,
As with the other ſtrike the Bell;
What ſhame would that be to a Nation?
That boaſts of a true Reformation,

If

If merit (as 'tis ſaid) be known
By the diſcreet Behaviour ſhown,
A gentile or a ſurly Boar
Found by his Porter at the Door,
How much more in our preaching Houſes,
Ought we to puniſh ſuch Abuſes,
When wicked, rude, and beaſtly Forms
Idolatrous, the Wall adorns.
This ſaid, with hoarſe ungrateful tone,
He look'd about to get a ſtone,
Fully reſolv'd to be revenging
The Cauſe, upon that ſavage Engine;
But finding in the ſtubborn ſtreet,
The Flints were all to faſt to get,
His wonder greater than before,
This urg'd fermenting rage the more,
What ſtrange uncouth and barbarous Nation,
And to what curſed Generation
Am I arriv'd, where I muſt ſee,
And not rebuke Impiety?

Where even their ſtones deny Aſſiſtance,
As if they thought 'twould be a Miſchance
To trample on that Idol Log,
That Savage Heathen *Demagog*,
That with Intention lewd, as vain,
Stands tinckling with thoſe Bells prophane.
How far do we excel with voyces
Bells, Organs, and ſuch carnal Noiſes?
When pious Siſter ſtrains her Graces,
And tunes her Treble to our Baſes;
Devotion needs no artful aid,
For when the ſacrifice is made
We're ſure our Zeal to Heaven doth go,
Whether it be in Tune, or no:
Tho the harmonious part we knew,
Be as Dogs howl, or as Cats mew:
Aid me then Friends, and quickly I
Will maul that Type of Popery,
That Engineer of *Belzebub*,
That *Roman Hercules* with the Club,

That

That ſtands there to amuſe the Nation,
With hourly feats of Conjuration,
Aid all I ſay, to rout this Pagan,
This ſecond Cheat of *Bell* and *Dragon*;
For thoſe that not aſſiſt his fall,
I pronounce Slaves, and Cuckolds all.
Scarce could the wrathful *Collin* reach,
To the bold *Finis* of his Speech,
But all the Crowd were drawn about him,
Some to admire, but moſt to flout him,
Mongſt whom, a Carman that ſtood by
And long had gaz'd, with envious Eye,
On that ungrateful mein of his,
His ſtrange attire, and ſtranger Phiz;
Thus loudly made his Anger roar:

Thou Son of carted *Northern* Whore,
Thou Splayfoot, blind phanatick Rogue?
How doſt thou dare? to diſembogue
Thy filth, without a thouſand lives,
Againſt our Credits, and our Wives;

In all this ſtuff thou haſt o'rerun,
What hath thy canting dogſhip done
But rallied on an harmleſs Clock,
That in one hour, more truth hath ſpoke,
By help of thoſe aſſiſting clubs,
Than all your Tribe in all their Tubs?
As I can plainly make appear
From the Creation, to this Year:
But ſince you come (Sir Presbyter)
From Ploughing to affront us here,
Tis reaſon, being met together,
That we ſhould give you welcome hither.
At this his whip with knotted Laſh
Lifted by arm as Strong, as Raſh,
Round *Collins* ſhoulders (*c*) ſmartly twang'd,
And thrice the well wove Ruſſet bang'd,
E're he would give him leave to breath,
Or Bilboe good from caſe unſheath;
Which now being brandiſh'd in the Air,
Reſolv'd, loſt honour to repair,

But

But all alas! in vain, for now;
The Mobile had rumour'd how
That *Collin*'s Zeal had been ſo fooliſh
To ſwear, the Church he would demoliſh.
And all were cloſing up to thump him,
Or as a newer ſport to pump him;
When *Pallas* (*d*) who deſign'd to ſave
If poſſible, the brains ſhe gave,
From ſturdy tough Battoons that batter,
As well as Cataracts of Water:
Whiſper'd into the Majors Ear,
To act a *Wapping* Preſs Maſter,
And ſo his Neighbour off to bring,
Under pretence to ſerve the King,
This plot was put in Execution,
Juſt as thoſe clods of Reſolution,
That filthy neſt of ſuburb Vermin
Were thronging up t'aſſiſt the Carman,
Who ſtill in ſpite of *Collin*'s drawing,
Was back and ſides with Whipcord tawing,

Till

Till Major by the trick aforesaid
Releas'd him, tho perhaps with sore side,
And drew him from the Crowd away,
As if he'd send him straight to Sea:
But scarce had they a Furlong gone,
From place where this bold feat was done,
When *Collin* that with Whipping fight,
Felt himself but in evil plight;
By th Testy Major was harrang'd
And with as sharp brow beating bang'd.

Is't possible, quoth he, thou dull
Insenble Jolt-headed Fool,
That thou darst ever have pretence
To any Argument of Sense;
Yet be so sordid thus to get,
A flauging, by meer want of wit,
Canst thou, O Dunce, discover Flaws
And Failings in the Nations cause,

Yet not be gifted to be able
Through Prudence, to avoid the Rabble,
That thus have whipp'd thee like a ſtock,
And for the ſillieſt cauſe, a Clock;
Why? what a Devil had it been
To thee, if *Peter* (*e*) *Aretine*
With all his Nudities, and Poſtures,
Had deck'd the Walls or inward Cloyſters?
Or if thoſe Figures there that tell
The minutes paſſing, on that Bell,
Whom thou compar'ſt in ſenſeleſs chat
To *Ethiops*, and the Devil knows what,
Stood there, expoſing Bums as bare
As firſt, we too the Midwife were;
Was it for thee with that one Eye,
To peep into their Privity,
With ſolid Confidence reveal,
What they with Aprons do conceal,
And ſawcily, become Director
Of Temples, and their Architecture,

Re-

Revile the Church, and run it down,
Becauſe thou art thy ſelf of none;
But like thy Tribe of canting Widgeons,
A Gallimaufry of Religions;
Make the eſtabliſh'd one to feel,
The claws of blind Republique Zeal:
And ſo procure for thy own back
A juſt reward, of ſtripe and thwack,
Laid on with ſuch entire good Will,
That had not I with dextrous skill,
Appear'd i'th' Nick to help thee from't;
As thou art ſlaſht, thou hadſt been pump'd.

Pump'd, anſwer'd *Collin*, pray impart,
The meaning of that Term of Art;
Leſt I ſhould conſtrue it amiſs,
And think it worſer than it is.
Pump'd, crys the Major, who might ſee
By this, his Neighbours Vacancy,

His

His Ignorance, and groſs Defect;
In the Town Tricks, and dialect,
Pump'd in my ſenſe, is cooling Courage;
When th' People for diverſion, or rage;
Do puniſh Pick-pockets, or Whores,
For filching, or too fond Amours:
A decent Guerdon too for Bayliffs,
That lurk in cloſe By-Lanes and Alleys,
Or lye perdue in ſome blind Alehouſe,
To nab ſome needy honeſt Fellows:
But being ſeiz'd, and hamper'd firſt;
Are carri'd ſtraight to quench their Thirſt,
To a ſtrange Wooden kind of Fountain,
That doth great ſtore of Water contain;
And there without a cup to fill,
Are forc'd to drink againſt their Will,
When great Civility appears,
If they get ſafely off with Ears,
To men the Sourſe on th' head deſcends,
But th' women on their nether ends;

Cold

Cold Water being thought from thence,
Beſt purger of Concupiſcence :
And thus had it not been for me,
They certainly had water'd thee.

Quoth *Collin*, that abhorr'd Invention,
As modern Hiſtories do mention,
Was firſt made to revenge a grudge
Ow'd to the *Engliſh* by the *Dutch*;
Who at *Amboyna* ſew'd in Leather,
Were gorg'd with drink, whole days together ;
And now to further beariſh powers,
Is learnt by th' *Engliſh* Sons of Whores,
A Race moſt famous known to be,
For Maſtives, and for Mobile ;
'Tis true indeed this Canine uſage,
Was cuſtomary in the *Jews* age :
But in a ſober Chriſtian Nation,
Shews little like a Reformation ;

Where

Where purblind Rage no Judgment grants,
To know the Sinners, from the Saints:
But impudently turn Correctors
Of men, design'd for their Instructors:
Blindly to every mischief bent,
Affront the civil Government;
Which was in this late turn design'd,
For the relief of all Mankind:
In which if I cou'd once mistrust,
One false step, or an Act unjust;
A siding with our Roman Foes,
Or breach of *Coronation Vows*;
That falshood, I should ne're endure,
But turn a Grumbler too, as you are;
For Loyalty is not still the same,
If we are cheated in the Game:
Nor can the Dials truth be known,
If it be never shin'd upon.
Action makes Virtue greater be,
Than its dull Passive Quality:

Or elſe my late Affronts, and Stripes,
Which of my Merrit are the Types,
Were as propitious and as kind,
As if I had done the thing deſign'd:
Which tho by-ſtanders ſhould receive,
I ſhould in my ſenſe believe,
Reaſon and Argument are good,
Juſt only as they're underſtood.
This was the prize, which late I ſought,
And my Inſtruction prov'd my Fault.

He (quoth the Major) that would teach
The Rabble Reaſon, with a Speech,
Is like one pleading to a Fry
Of Barbarous *Arthropophagi*,
Or ſinging Sonnets, or Love Tales,
To a rude Race of Canibals;
When all he gets by his ſoft Sport,
Is th' ſooner to be eaten ſort.

With

With ſuch Diſcourſe, as true as witty;
They got into the heart o'th' City,
To the beſt Mart in Chriſtendom,
Nick-nam'd the *Oid-Exchange* were come,
A place renown'd for the Acceſs
Of Nations, and of Languages;
Citts, Saylors, Sheriffs with Gold Chain;
Cuckolds, and Common Council men;
Lords, Lawyers, Livery-men here meet,
And one another daily cheat:
And tho it doth in Records appear,
That the Foundation is but Pepper;
The upper part makes great amends,
Which ſhews to their admiring Friends,
A Row of *Engliſh* Queens and Kings,
With Globes, and Scepters, and fine things;
Some whole, and ſome through Anger broke,
As if they had diſdain'd the Yoke
Of Royal Slavery, 'mongſt thoſe,
Who their Obedience Paſſive, loſe,

But

But amongſt all the mighty reſt,
One plac'd alone below, look'd beſt:
Charles by command of divine Grace,
With lofty Mein, and Lyon Face,
Stoood *Solus*, as if thought to be
Too good for t'others Company.
No ſooner had the Major ſeen,
The Furrows of that Phiz ſerene;
When with his Eyes fix'd on the ground,
He made a Reverence ſo profound,
That *Collin* firmly did ſuppoſe
He toucht the Pavement with his Noſe:
Then ſtepping back to former ſtation,
To Figure Royal, begins Oration.

Thou beſt belov'd of all thy Race,
That ſtands i'th' cold to deck this place,
Permit me with a due Complaiſance,
At thy great Foot to pay Obeyſance;

Behold

Behold me here oppreſs'd with Dolours,
A tatter'd Remnant of thy Colours;
A poor Disbanded Officer,
That once for thee did Half-pike bear:
And tho the quiet of thy Reign,
Kept me from Fights where men are ſlain;
None e're in Peace did Dirt-pye Storm
More fierce, nor feats of War perform.
True happineſs no Age can have,
Whoſe Monarch is not Wiſe and Brave;
The witty Coward, or hardy Fool,
Being equally unfit to rule:
And both of theſe thou didſt enjoy;
Or one that could 'em both ſupply.
Hadſt thou but miſs'd Fit Apoplectick,
I queſtion whither a *French* Sceptick,
Would at this day have found our Nation,
A Subject for his Contemplation;
That Wit that always bubbled us,
Had found a War Incongruous,

And ne're rely'd a future Reign
On dint of blow, but dint of brain.
Ah! Wer't not for the Nauſeous Tools,
Thy pimping Knaves and cringing Fools,
Heaven ne're thy equal gave to ſway,
A Land ſo gifted to obey:
Scarce did the florid Major reach
To this part of his lofty Speech,
When through the Repercuſſive Air,
We're heard the ſeveral noiſes near
Of ſqualing Fife, and ſullen Drum,
As if ſome Enemy were come.
This odd ſurprize began to ſcare
Collin, not us'd to ſounds of War,
Till the bold Majors heart of Oak,
This pannick trouble did rebuke,
And took him thence to make their Eyes,
And Ears, true Judges of the Noiſe:
Which ſoon as they got off th' *Exchange*,
Were fill'd with accidents more ſtrange,

The Street was fill'd with numerous throngs
Of all Sects, Qualities and Tongues,
Shapes, Ages, Factions, and Degrees,
Bedaub'd and daggled to their Knees;
And more to grace the days renown,
Carpets hung out, and Windows down,
And as if *Pompey* were to come
To Triumph here, as once at *Rome*:
Balconies full as they could hold,
Of Rich and Poor, of Young and Old,
All crowded in a Lump to ſee
The approaching great Solemnity;
Fire-works with whizzing noiſe and ſmothers,
Diverting ſome, and ſcorching others;
With ſcent Ambroſial of Salt Petre,
Serv'd here to make the Pomp the greater:
And as an Emperour, (g) or Fame lies,
Was famous for his ſport with Flies:
So here Nobility in Garters,
Were throwing Squibs amongſt the Carters,

Which though the ſport be mean, 'tis true,
Is much the Manlier of the two,
Danger accruing oft this manner;
And where there's Danger muſt be Honour.
The Major, whoſe ſtout Heart would not
Have budg'd an inch from Cannon ſhot,
From this Plebeian ſort of Fire,
Engag'd his Wiſdom to retire;
For as the Noble Beaſts of Prey,
That in wide *Ardens* Forreſt ſtray,
Whoſe Rage no Weapons e're can tame,
Are frighted at the ſight of flame,
So he from his firſt Infant Bib,
Was ſcar'd at th' Entrails of a Squib,
And through half prudence, and half fear,
Retreated now to corner near,
With *Collin*, where they all might ſee,
Without the burning Jeopardy;
Where skulking cloſe from harm perdue,
He thus began t' unfold the ſhew:

Quoth

Quoth he, theſe Fire-works do diſplay,
That this muſt be the Lord-Mayors-Day;
And ſee 'tis further now confirm'd
By Whifflers, with white ſwitches arm'd,
Who march before the Members tough,
Of th' old Artillery in Buff.'
Obſerve how well their Feathers ſhake,
And how the Damſels hearts do ake,
To ſee their Apron'd Loves with Pride,
In Scarfs (as fine as can be) ty'd;
See then the Cuſtard-eating Currs,
Set up in Pillories of Furrs,
With Saffron Phiz, and Malmſy Noſe,
Come after, two and two in rows.
Note here the City Pride, but hold
By that Capariſon of Gold,
That loads the Buttocks of yon Beaſt,
That ſure muſt be my Lord at leaſt;
'Tis ſo, thoſe two that there beride him,
And with ſuch Graces Prance beſide him,

In Pomp Infallibly Declare,
Themſelves the Sheriffs ; he the Mayor,
That for a Twelvemonth acts a King,
And when that's ended, *Any thing.*
View next the Aldermen in braces,
With honeſt, and with loyal faces,
Wrapp'd round in Furr from arm to arm,
To keep their Wit and Courage warm.
Our *London* Magi by perception,
More potent than the Old *Egyptian*;
For as they could to any Nation,
Breath good or ill by Divination,
So ours by Necromantick Purſe,
Know when the times go well, or worſe,
Raiſe or build Forts both ſtrong and ſtony,
By mighty Magick (that is) Money.
What's that, quoth *Collin*, preeping out,
Hearing them make another ſhout,
That glitters ſo amongſt the folks ;
Quoth Major, 'tis the King, Gadzookes:

His Coach, I mean, and he within,
And what's more glittering, the Queen.
I warrant thou ſeeſt nothing now;
A Pox upon thee, thou'rt ſo low,
Thy groveling Eyes no ſight can uſe,
Above the Lappets of ones Shooes.
At this the little Imp, on's back
And ſhoulders high, a pick a pack
He ſtrongly ſets, that he might ſee,
With eaſe, the face of Royalty;
Which juſt as he to do prepar'd,
A Member of the Shirtleſs Guard,
Was letting off a Squib ſo near,
It almoſt touch'd the Majors Ear.
Not great *Achilles*, when he found
Upon his Heel the Mortal Wound,
Which *Paris*, of Old *Priams* Race,
Foreknew the Vulnerable place,
Had half the Luſt to be revenging,
As at the ſight of Whizzing Engine.

The Major, who with thump on ſhoulder,
Oth' Hand juſt ready to fire Powder,
Straight threw the Machination down,
With *Collin*, who was Ogling round,
From Back, where he exalted ſate,
Like Wren upon the Eagles pate,
To find out glorious Majeſty;
But now reduc'd to low degree,
By th' Major, who with ſudden ſtart,
Aſide, had thrown him into th' Dirt,
In kennel ſowc'd o're Head and Ears,
Amongſt the crowding Wappineers.
Who can expreſs the rage and pother,
The Rabble made, that ſaw their Brother,
By the fierce Major thus affronted,
Thus ſtruck, and Fire-work thus diſmounted;
Who following Dictates of firſt fury,
Unmindful of approaching hurry,
By that Vile Type o'th' Powder Treaſon,
Enrag'd and ſcar'd beyond his Reaſon,

Boldly,

Boldly, tho raſhly, ſtill made head
Againſt the Wight that did the Deed.
Who having ſenſe recover'd now,
So late amus'd by pondrous blow,
Couragiouſly retorted back,
Stout Cuff for Cuff, and thwack for thwack,
So quick, that as in *Homers* Verſe,
If you'll believe what he declares,
When *Hector* with blunt *Ajax* buckled,
In ſix hours fight, yet neither Truckled;
The Gods that were of either ſide,
Look'd down with Joy to ſee the fight.
So thoſe that had nought elſe to do,
'Tis very probable might know.
The blood that follow'd eithers blows,
Had yet not injur'd much their Clothes;
For Fate, that Acts of War diſpoſes,
Made all the hurt light on their Noſes,
Till *Venus*, who of all the Bodies
Cœleſtial, is the kindeſt Goddeſs,

And

And for God *Mars*'s Gallantry,
Ow'd a good turn to Chivalry,
Petition'd *Jove*, that th' Major might
Have now the better of the fight:
Which had effect, for *Jove* that knew her,
And ever had a kindneſs to her,
Not only as ſhe was his Daughter,
But in another kind of matter,
Had now reſolv'd upon the manner,
To right the Major and his Honour.
Now fiſt and face in conflict met,
So hard the noiſe rung o're the Street,
The glorious Wreath of Victory,
Neither ſeeming yet to be,
When th' hardy Major, skill'd in Wars,
To make quick end of fight prepares,
By Strength or'e buttock croſs to hawl him,
And with a trip i'th' Inturn maul him.
But Breeches Ag'd could not defend,
Fierce tugg of hand ſo us'd to rend,

But

But yielding up Poſteriours bare,
To th' Victors power, and open Air,
Who with the gripe ſo ſtrong did ſeize,
That down he came on hands and knees,
On whom the Major gets aſtride,
Swearing he'd ride him through *Cheapſide.*
But ſcarce had he that Pennance nam'd,
When the reſt o'th' Mobile aſham'd,
To ſee their Brother thus o'recome,
And make a Pageant of his Bum,
Were driving *Collin* up before 'em,
To revenge Breeches on him tore 'em.
He from hard Shooes, and harder Clubbs,
Had got ſome ſtores of kicks and drubs;
Some laughing at his Beard and Mien,
And ſome his Ruſſet Gaberdine,
Which they reſolv'd from back to ſlice,
And each to carry off a piece,
To make full reſtitution
For Damage to their Comrade done.

This

This fatal Miſchief ſo well hatch'd,
Had bred worſe ills, had not *Jove* Watch'd
The time when Groves of Clubs came on,
And Major had drawn (*h*) *Dirundan*,
To ſend a Troop their ſtrifes to quell,
Commanded by a Conſtable;
A Wight of Conduct great, and Powers,
Eſpecially at Midnight hours,
When in his Wooden Throne he ſits,
To judge without, of others Wits,
To put the puzzling queſtions too,
Of whence d'ee come, and where d'ee go:
And when the minutes Twelve repeat,
Profoundly tell us that 'tis late;
Then with his Guard in State retire,
To Smoak and Tope by Sea-cole fire.
This Warriour, with his Cavalcade,
Came up to give his timely Aid,
Juſt as the Crowd afreſh were falling
Upon the Major and poor *Collin*;

Who

Who e're reliev'd from their diſtreſs,
Had got ſome fifty thumps apiece,
But now were freed from bruiſe and ſhame,
And Priſners made in the Kings made.
And as Delinquent here of late,
A bawling Cormorant of State,
Was friendly refug'd in the *Tower*,
To ſave him from the Rabbles power,
So they in Cage, tho baſe, yet ſafe,
Were fix'd, and from the Foe drawn off:
The homely place was much unfit,
For ſo much Valour, ſo much Wit,
As being a Manſion that receives,
Few elſe but ſtragling Whores and Thieves;
And now unfurniſh'd did appear,
Without a Couch, or Stool, or Chair,
Till th' Major found a heap of Stones,
On which he plac'd his batter'd Bones;
And *Collin*, to his comfort, ſaw
In corner, a ſmall heap of ſtraw:

Where

Where having ſat him down for eaſe,
His drooping Head 'twixt Hands and Knees,
He ponder'd on th' Unfortunate
And various turns of Humane State.
Some minutes then erected ſight,
And ſeeing the Major in ill plight,
Who tho he got the Victory,
As many bruiſes had as he;
Well knowing he had now moſt cauſe,
For Argument, thus broke the Pauſe:

How well, quoth he, by this late paſſage,
That has befaln us without preſage,
Do I the various frailties ſee,
Incumbent on Mortality.
Is't not a Miracle to find,
In th' ſolid part of Human kind,
So few that can appear ſo wiſe,
To act the things they can adviſe?

But that they muſt to dangers run,
Which they have others taught to ſhun,
And ſo convince us by the way,
That no Men know the Truths they ſay?
Was I not rail'd at, call'd a dull
Inſenſible Jolt-headed fool,
For acting of a far leſs fault
Than that which has us hither brought?
And ſhall I not, with reverence low,
Preſume to ask who's the Jolt-head now?
Whoſe Wit has brought us to this Palace,
To which the next place is the Gallows?
Altho 'tis true, 'tis better far
Than to be drubb'd as late we were.
If ſolid reaſon in a Speech,
Could not their ſordid Judgments reach,
But that I ſuffer muſt the Laſh,
From Scoundrels Ignorant and raſh,

What good was to be done by blows,
Upon the Pates of ſuch as thoſe,
I think there's no one will ſuppoſe.
Unleſs you think there's Honour done,
In having thirty thumps for one.
If (Reaſoning with Cannibals,
As you have quoted) be not falſe,
Or Savages which late you talk'd of,
I think we both had better walk'd off,
Than fight about the Squibs that hiſs,
On ſuch a Fire-drake day as this,
And ſhow the backward way, our Wit,
By drubs and bruiſes that we get.
Wiſdom, the Learned Ancients find,
A Grace peculiar of the mind,
By which the Soul's inform'd to do
What heavenly Reaſon prompt her too;
And its beſt Vertue in all Nations,
Is ſtill allow'd Self-preſervation.

If ſo, that conduct then that leads
Us on to bangs and broken heads,
To bickerings, and ungrateful ſewd,
Or ſingly Combating the crowd;
Work for enſuing Melancholly,
Muſt needs be th'effect of Folly,
Eſpecially when th'miſchief ends
Not only on our ſelves, but Friends.
By this your glorious expedition,
For which I now feel ſore contrition;
I fancy like (*i*) *Manchegan* Knight
Your next will be a Wind-mill fight,
Or that like him fearleſs of Banging,
You'l free th'next Fellons (*k*) doom'd too hanging.
But I ſhall modeſtly deſire,
If I am doom'd to be your Squire,
That you'l be pleas'd to leave out me,
In theſe high Feats of Chivalry.
If of my tedious Journey this
Be all th'expected Happineſs;

For all has hitherto befel,
I might have ſtay'd at home as well.
I thought when we to th' City got,
I ſhould have heard off ſome new plot,
Seen ſome Cabal or Popiſh frolick,
Or hear the Grumblers cure their Collick,
On which, with argument prevalent
I might have exercis'd my Talent,
Or when his Majeſty came by,
And I was mounted up ſo high,
Your ſudden tumbling me down
Daſh'd my Aſpring at the Crown,
I thought my Eyes might ſoon careſs him,
And that my Tongue might cry God bleſs him;
But miſs'd both—for i'th' contrary,
All that has been my luck to ſee,
Is my ſelf here well whipp'd and kickt,
And now pent up in durance ſtrict,
Where we like Ratts are ſhut together,
To chew on th'bait that ſnar'd us hither.

What

What think you Sir, if we ſhould try
To gain our *quondam* Liberty?
By knawing of their bars and ſtones,
Or force the Locks with ruſul Groanes;
Provoke mens pity on our caſes,
By peeping out with bearded faces;
Tho us they'd ne're the ſooner bail out,
Than vermin when it puts its Tail out;
Yet this would full as wiſe appear,
As th'action that has brought us here.

Quoth Major, thy late ſmarting pain
Has caus'd the Sharpneſs of thy Brain,
Which I becauſe I did procure,
Have now more patience to endure.
Coagulated blood doth ſettle,
And oft put bounds to manly mettle,
Till ſtirring action ſets it free,
To ſhew acute Ability.

Thus thy late warming exercise,
Makes thy Orations now more wise;
For as 'tis said in Poetry,
Each fancy takes its best degree;
When we with jolly *Bacchus* joyn,
And raise the Genius high with Wine,
So solid beating without doubt
Is the best cause of wise dispute,
The Soul and Spirits being more
Alarm'd than they were before,
Nay, fear of beeting may in some
Produce the same, as once at *Rome*,
For as, when *Cataline* a League
Had made the Senators to segue,
And (*I*) strumpet had told *Marcus Tully*,
The close intentions of that Bully,
He not so much the cause revenging
O'th' State, as t' hinder his own swinging,
Made the best speech to quell that strife,
(Tis said) that e're he made in's Life,

Since when, 'tis found upon Record,
In th' (*m*)Tragedy, writ word for word:
So thou ſince frighted by the Rabble,
Haſt ſpoke like him moſt admirable,
And tho my Wit thou doſt explode,
I will not by a (*n*) Palinode
My reaſon in a deed repel,
Becauſe it has not happen'd well,
Fortune the curſe of human lives,
Still, againſt greateſt merits ſtrives,
Fools ſhe is ready to advance
By luck, or dull Inheritance;
But th' wiſe from rugged Rock and Shelves
O'th' World, ſtill leaves to help themſelves,
And tho this latter Enterprize
Through paſſions heat ſhow'd not ſo wiſe;
Twill ſpight of Fate ſome honour have,
For no one can deny 'twas brave,
And valour is not priz'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſometimes it wants ſucceſs;

No more than worth in running Horſes,
That through Misfortune loſe their courſes.

Here, Major ſtopp'd, but not through want
Of Wit, to further his complaint,
But that he ſaw the Wight appear,
Whoſe Charity had plac'd 'em there,
Who to the Major kindneſs bore,
Becauſe he had been one before,
In th former civil wars, tho now,
Compell'd to an Eſtate more low,
Keeping a Cottage for good Fellows,
To quaff off cares in, call'd an Alehouſe,
Who now with grace and good aſſurance,
Releaſing both from ſtony durance,
Entreated 'em now they were looſe
To accept a lodging at his houſe,
They who with bountiful dry baſting,
Knew well their bones had need of reſting,

As readily receiv'd the offer,
With as good will as he could proffer:
For, now had *Sol* his vigour loſt,
And tir'd himſelf by riding Poſt;
And to the Regent of the Moon,
Reſign'd the Empire he laid down;
When our two Worthies came with haſt,
To Cottage deck'd with ſign and poſt;
Where I will leave 'em both to ſnore,
And reſt my Muſe as once before.

The End of the Second Canto.

As [illegible] received the other,
With [illegible] good will as he could procure:
For, now that [illegible]
And [illegible]
And to the Regent of the Night,
Resign'd the Empire he laid down:
When our two Wives came with haste,
To [illegible] declar'd his sign and peril:
When I will leave you both to rule,
And rid my Mind [illegible] before.

The End of the Second Canto.

TUESDAY's Walk.

The Argument of the Third Canto.

Bruiz'd Collin *now his walk does chooſe*
To Weſtminſter *to hear the the News;*
But being by the Weavers frighted,
From thence to Dinner is invited;
Where finding as diſputes ariſe,
A Jeſuit in ſtrange diſguiſe:
Th' harrangues between him and the Prieſt,
May ſerve to furniſh out the Feaſt.

CANTO III.

AS no Man ever undertook
To give a reaſon for ill luck,
So 'tis as difficult to all,
To know the time misfortunes fall;

Or

Or gues the Crisis of our Fate,
In various turns of human State;
This by our worthies late was prov'd,
Who now from Lodging being remov'd;
Where Major nobly paid the Shot,
And return'd thanks with parting Pot:
They now resolv'd their course to steer,
For the fam'd Port of *Westminster*,
When Landing near the Ancient Hall,
Where Clients sweat and Lawyers baul;
And entring bluntly, *Collin* sees,
A crowd of Folks of all degrees;
All buzzing too and fro like Bees.
A confus'd mixture of all Nations;
Fleers, Cringes, Nods, and Salutations;
From Lords in debt to Purple Judges,
And Coopees low from Pauper drudges:
Whispering, Laughing, Threatning, Railing,
Imprisoning some, and others Bailing;

From Serjeant grave, with buſie Face,
To dagled Gown that hides an Aſs;
Degrees of Law both high and low,
Made here the ſubſtance of the ſhow;
As ſoon as *Collin* entred in,
All Eyes were caſt upon his Mein;
Unleſs 'twere thoſe that aſpire
Before, to gaze on his Attire:
Some did his Beard with Oagling greet,
Others admir'd his *Erring Feet*;
And all believ'd a juſt occaſion,
To have his parts in Admiration:
For Beauty and Deformity,
Are equal ſtill in this degree,
Tho not alike the ſame deſirers;
They always have the ſame admirers:
Nor was he much concern'd at this,
Believing they admir'd his phiz;
As if from thence they ſubtly gueſs'd,
The hidden vertues in his breaſt:

Conſult

Conſult the World and you ſhall ſee
Moſt People, ſhare this vanity;
Who when upon 'em others gaze
Believe 'tis for peculiar grace;
When it may often chance to be
Directly for the contrary:
But to go on, whilſt *Collin* there
Drew all the opticks far and near,
Upon the outworks of his perſon
Some through diſtaſt, but moſt diverſion;
The Major gave him a ſoft Jogg,
And thus began the Dialogue.
Within theſe Walls thou may'ſt, quoth he,
Note the great Worlds Epitome;
Where all degrees of humanes buſtle,
And one another ſtrive to puzzle:
The moſt prophane, and moſt religious,
Here being equally Litigious;
There where that noiſe the People draws,
Has been the wrack of many a Cauſe,

Where many a Client Verdict miſs'd,
For want of greazing in the Fiſt:
Thoſe that ſit there in State are Judges,
And thoſe below 'em ſcribbling drudges;
Thoſe there in Quoifs are titled Serjeants,
With Clerks that hang upon their Margents;
Defending right of *meum & tuum*,
And when men offer wrong to ſue 'em:
Here Juſtice does or ſhould prevail,
And hold to all her equal Scale:
The oppreſs'd from Lawyers gripe to free,
And weigh by Drams their honeſty.
For Law is ſtill to th' Wiſe reveal'd,
Juſt like the Wax with which 'tis Seal'd;
Not as the Cauſes right upholds it,
But as the Lawyers Conſcience moulds it.
Harder or ſofter as he pleaſes,
According as his Clients greaſes;
And tho 'tis ſometimes fit no doubt on't,
Yet they're moſt happy that are out on't.

For Law and Physick ne're should be
Us'd but upon Extremity.
Yet amongst all whom this Confusion,
This sudden wondrous Revolution,
Has rais'd and better'd in their State,
'T has been the Lawyers chiefest Fate;
By Fortunes turn as quick as strange,
To reap most profit by the change:
They thrive upon the Peoples Sins,
Their luck exceeding other Mens;
And what in th' last Reign was uncertain,
Is now a fix'd and solid fortune;
Those that at pleasure were *ut ita*,
Are settled now *durante vita*:
High Magistrates which by a Word,
Or Mandate from the Soveraign Lord,
Were silenc'd straight as mute as Posts
Fear nothing now, but th' Lord of Hosts:
Releas'd from Arbritray Awe,
And guarded by the Bulwark Law;

This

This ſtation therefore where ſuch truſt is
Ought to be ſway'd the more by Juſtice,
For as no one ſhould be leſs doer
Of hurt, than he that has moſt power:
So Law to which ſuch power belongs,
Should be leaſt ready to do wrongs.

Quoth *Collin*, that Law ſhould do right
I think there's no one will deny't
That's in his Sences, and to ſhew
That I believe it doth do ſo,
I've juſt thought on a Neighbours caſe
That's very proper for this place,
Who has by lawleſs will his Spouſe
Miſled, and taken from his houſe;
And by a ſnivelling Whore-maſter
Detain'd without all Sence or fear;
If therefore Juſtice here doth ſway,
As I am apt to think it may,

Why

Why should not such a cause as this?
Be su'd in *Forma pauperis*,
And so by damages, procuring,
Make Fop pay soundly for his whoring.

Quoth Major, of all suits defended,
Paupers are still the worst attended,
Tho Justice always equal be,
She's best in humour with a Fee;
And cannot be if that's neglected
So diligent as is expected:
As money makes the Mare to go,
Even so it makes the Lawyer too,
Directs his Judgment right or wrong,
Raises his wit and tips his Tongue,
And makes him fit to plead the cause,
And better understand the Laws;
This makes a Rabbi of Fourscore,
Ride dagling all the country ore,

Who plagu'd with Palſie, Stone, and Gout,
Without the uſe of hand or foot,
Yet cannot leave the bawling rout,
But muſt, as being us'd to trudge,
Still go the Circuit with the Judge,
Which he'd ne're do, thou mayſt rely on't
To get a Pauper for his Client,
Or leave alluring golden Fees
On Conſcience ſcore, or Charities;
He that would Adverſary teize,
And goes to Law without good Fees,
Is like old Fumble that would wed
At ninety years, a buxom Maid,
He may well tire each Limb and Joynt,
But he ſhall never gain the point:
A Maidenhead being to get as nice,
As without Money good advice.
And tho I can't deny the caſe
Is very proper for this place,

Becauſe that lately by report,
There was one try'd of the ſame ſort,
And many a Lawyer was pains taker
Twixt Cuckold and the Cuckold-maker;
Till the Jury weighing the diſgraces,
And that it might be their own caſes,
Their favour gave with Sence adorn'd,
Not to the (*a*) Horner, but the horn'd;
Attoning by a ſwinging Sum
The unpardon'd ſin of Cuckoldom:
Tho this be true, as plain it appears,
Yet neither of them, both e're was Paupers;
The Devil might have had the Wife,
If money had not made the ſtrife,
And brought the Lawyer in good Fees,
And th'Husband hopes of damages;
By which we plainly may unfold,
No Law is currant without Gold.

Here Major ſtopp'd, and *Collin* wou'd
Moſt fain have anſwer'd if he cou'd,

But

But now being got to th'Stairs that went
Up to the Court of Parliament,
Was fain to ſtifle each Conceit,
And end the politique debate,
To mount the ſteps, and hear relation
Of all the grand affairs o'th' Nation:
Here as below the People walk,
And only differ in their talk;
Being here of Kings and Armies boaſters,
As of Writs, Suits and Fines below ſtairs,
And of as many humours as
At *Babel* there were Languages;
The Men of Politique Intreague,
The Grumbler and the ſullen Whigg;
Grave Biſhops, Barons, Baronets,
The *Guillians* and the *Jacobites:*
Tho they could one another Eat,
With Conge one another greet;
Amongſt the Captains the diſcourſe is,
Of (*b*) *Schomberg* and the *Iriſh* Forces;

Each ſtriving plain to make't appear,
What he would do if he were there;
And that the General is too ſlow,
In giving Battle to the Foe:
On t other ſide were Cits complaining
Of Taxes, and the Houſe Arraigning;
Wiſhing the Members hang'd, or drown'd,
That gave three Shillings in the Pound;
In brief, th' crowd from ſide to ſide,
To th' Major ſeem'd diſatisfi'd;
Which being not able long to hold,
He inſtantly to *Collin* told;
Believing it a proof moſt plain,
To ſhew the Nations grumbling vein:
And therefore thus renew'd, I here
Have hopes (my friend) to make appear;
What I have argued of the Tumour,
Now ſwelling in the Nations humour;
Who tho the Members now are ſitting,
And thoſe too of their own begetting:

They

They cannot yet perſwade their patience,
To bear the weight of theſe taxations;
Hadſt thou juſt now yon fellow heard,
That Crop-ear'd (*c*) Citt with the Red Beard;
How he his ſpleen did loudly vent,
Againſt the King and Government;
Thou wouldſt by that one ſpeech have found,
The Senſe of all the City round:
For as in Hunting, if one Whelp,
Finding the ſcent, begins to yelp;
The reſt o' th' pack will inſtantly,
Joyn altogether in the cry:
So when one Citizen ſets abroach,
A whim, the reſt are bound to vouch,
Through friendſhip, elſe it would imply;
A breach in their Fraternity:
One Swallow makes ('tis true) no Summer,
Yet one Tongue may create a Rumour;
That in few days may have the power,
To influence a thouſand more.

Quoth *Collin*, I should heed as much,
A Ballad that was Sung in *Dutch*;
A Tale of *Orson* and the Bear,
An *Irish* Psalm, or a *Welch* Prayer;
As any point he could unriddle,
With that odd Phiz, like head of Fiddle;
Whose vanity and simpring Wives,
Still against Law and Reason strives;
Her Pride ferments him to complain,
Upon the Taxes of this Reign;
For fear the general distress,
Should make her Topknot grow the less;
Or that her Petticoat debase
It self, from two, to one Gold Lace:
For th' Churches safety and her own,
One of the Tankard's melted down;
Or that t' assist the War and the King,
One Stone fall from her Diamond Ring;
She fears the Expensive times will take,
A Jill from quart of Butter'd Sack;

Or

Or that Eſtabliſhing Religion,
May cauſe one Teale the leſs, or Pidgeon,
Within the confines of her Table,
When ſhe and Goſſips meet and Babble:
Theſe are the griefs to Husband told,
Who ſtraight as full as he can hold;
Like overcharg'd Pot-gun with ill wind,
As bad as that comes from behind,
Rather then loſe one Chop on's Mutton,
Or from New Coat, one Silver Button:
Shall ſide with grumbling debate,
And rail againſt the Church and State.
Met at a Club where all agree,
To this abſurd Hypocriſie;
Here's one ne're cares who th' Nation's ruling,
So Daughter be not kept from Schooling;
Would loſe his Freedom like a Puppy,
Rather than ſhe not learn to Coopee,
The Dancing and the Singing Graces,
And like a Philly all her Paces;

About her Heads Phantaſtick dreſs,
Rather than have one Wire amiſs:
His hoarded Gold would freely ſpare,
Tho not one Shilling towards a War;
That would improve what thus is laviſh'd,
And perhaps ſave her being Raviſh'd;
And tho for his Religions ſake,
The Dunce well knows the War we make;
Rather than not his whim purſue,
Would turn a *Pagan* or a *Jew*:
Or like the *Ægyptians* old opinion,
Adore a Calves Head or an (*d*) Onion.
Another ſort will throw at Bowls,
More than they'll ſpare to ſave their Souls;
And ſquander what they grudge to be
Employ'd to keep out Popery:
They are with Taxes quite undone,
But not with Play, or drinking on;
For as a Complement that's made,
Still ſounds like ſenſe, to whom 'tis ſaid:

What's

What's idly loſt we ne're regard;
But when we pay a Tax, 'tis hard:
Women, too lately durſt upbraid,
The Senate and the Laws they made;
But more particulary that,
Where Lady was to wear a Hat;
And lay the Enſigns of their pride;
Their Silken Ornaments aſide;
Which would have been a wholſome Act,
T' encourage Woolen Manufact;
A ſober garb and a worthy praiſe,
Much us'd in good Queen *Beſſes* days:
Here *Collin* had gone on inveighing
Againſt the Ladies rich Arraying;
Had not a ſudden Clamorous ſource
Of Tongues abridg'd his wiſe diſcourſe;
Loud yell of Throats, and din of Clubs,
Juſt as when Coopers hoop their Tubbs,
Poſſeſs'd the Air, and Timerous *Collin*,
Into an Ague fit was falling;

To ſee the Major with his valour,
As pale as he himſelf or paler;
The terrour of the Noiſe infus'd,
Freſh pangs to part ſo lately bruis'd,
Their Bones began to ake agen;
Both wondring what that ſtir ſhould mean;
To make a clanger of that Nature,
So near the Houſe of Legiſlature:
Till action, after ſome ſmall pauſe,
Inform'd their judgments the true cauſe.

The Mob it ſeems had heard a rumour,
Not well concurring with their humour;
Importing that an Act ſhould be,
To put down Silken Gallantry:
That Topknots, Garters, Cravat-ſtrings,
Shooe-tyes, and ſuch important things,
Should be aboliſh'd, and inſtead
A Liſt of Woolen ſerve, or Thread;
That Petticoat of Cloth of Gold,
To Hoſteſs ſhould no more be Sold:

But be by juſt Exchange transferr'd,
To Stuff of Eighteen pence a Yard;
And that the Cobblers Daughter ſhou'd
Ruſtle no more in Velvet Hood:
But wear Chapeau, from Dogskin wove,
And modell'd like a Sugar Loaf;
This, fame no ſooner did impart,
Fame, that is always doing hurt:
But every ſturdy Aproneer,
Arm'd with Battoon, did ſtraight appear,
Swearing no Law ſhould e're be made,
So much to th' damage of their Trade;
And now to th' houſe began to move,
Some forty thouſand in a drove.
Ignorant of this, the Senate ſat,
Within as ſnug as any Cat;
Making ſound Laws for preſervation,
Of the Leige People of the Nation:
Till noiſe like that of Baiting Bears;
Inform'd their Legiſlative Ears;

The crowd were there reſolv'd to carry,
The cauſe by Broomſtick Arbitrary;
Who having all by joynt conſent,
Taken a Lambs-Wool Sacrament;
Now Arm'd with reſolution ſtood,
Swearing to loſe their precious Blood,
But Silks and Satins ſhould be wore,
And Ribbons as they were before;
Where we will leave 'em all to fight,
The Battle in ſam'd Topknots right;
And to our Worthies turn our ſtile,
Who wiſely to avoid the broil,
Having before their Eyes th' Abuſes
Now rudely offer'd to both Houſes:
Whoſe Tumult if they could not ſtem,
They knew would nothing make of them;
To a friends Houſe near that of Commons,
To whom the Major oft had Summons:
In haſte retir'd, reſolv'd to ſtay,
And valours rouze another way;

Not

Not as before with manly beating,
But with a guſt of valiant Eating.
The *Brittains* never were inclin'd,
Of old, to fight before they had din'd;
The *Belgians* too in Battle ſhrink,
When e're they Charge before they drink;
For Wine or a good Dinner draws,
Still as much Courage as a Cauſe;
And as when Hero hearing Drum beat
A point of War, even longs for Combat:
The ſullen ſound and Martial din,
Rouzing the Spirits up within
To fall to action, ſo in ſome,
A piece of Beef, juſt like a Drum,
Will animate and raiſe more mettle,
Than either Trumpet, Fife, or Kettle.
Their Hoſt that long had practic'd Phyſick,
A truſty friend to wight that is Sick:
Tho not by judgment, could by gueſs,
The Nature find of a diſeaſe;

Which was as much, he wiſely knew,
As any of 'em all can do;
With *Paracelſus* and with *Gallen*,
He toll'd his Ignorant Patients all in:
Like Quack their terms of Art could ſmatter,
And juſt like fluſter'd *R*———chatter,
With ſcraps of Jeſts by ſtanders pelt
In ſqueaking tone, like one that's guelt,
Still making ſolid confidence,
Supply the meaneſs of his Sence,
By Medicine, or Phlebotomy,
He'd undertake each Malady;
And if he cur'd the diſeas'd
'Twas skill, if not, as Heaven pleas'd:
For as thoſe men that trade with Stars,
And foretel Famines, Plagues, and Wars;
In doubtful terms their thoughts expreſs,
To ſave their Credits if they miſs;
So he tho skilful in Cloſeſtools,
Could not avoid thoſe dubious rules,

But many a Patients diſſolution,
Had laid upon ill Conſtitution;
But if drug chanc'd to operate well,
'Twas then the Doctors mighty skill.
Their Hoſt receiv'd 'em with a bow,
Whither they welcome were or no,
Which is one part of entertaining,
How e're the reſt be true or feigning,
And tho he ſeem'd a little ſhy
At firſt of *Collins* Company,
Perhaps, as fearing a Trepan,
As being a Red Letter man:
Yet by the Major being told,
What vertues lay in that courſe mold,
A ſecond Congee he affords,
So low that *Collin* ſpoil'd the Boards,
With ſudden ſcrape of hobnail'd ſhooe,
Returning Courteſies were due.
Quoth Hoſt, then to his Man, go *Roger*,
And tell my Siſter here's the Major:

Who ſmil'd at that, as ſubtly knowing,
What ſort of Jeſt was now purſuing,
Having before-hand ſoftly ſpoke
To's Friend to carry on the Joke,
And banter *Collin*, therefore who
This Siſter was 'tis fit you knew.

When Town was purg'd of Popiſh Bigotts,
And ſearch was made for ſhaven He-Goats,
The bald-pate Fry ran helter skelter,
To Holes and Corners to find ſhelter,
And happy was the Prieſt could tell,
How to eſcape the Conſtable
By Flight, or elſe more ſafely wiſe
Defend himſelf by quaint diſguiſe;
Some clad like Weavers, work'd at Looms,
Others cry'd Shooes, old Hatts or Brooms;
A ſtone, or a fine Tinder-box,
And ſome in Veſtments Orthodox
In Coffee-houſe were found to be,
Inveighing againſt Popery,

Her

Here you might ſee a Fryer bilk'd
From ſelling more o'th' Virgins milk,
His Cowle laid by, and Pride divine.
Crying, buy Brandy, Brandy Wine;
Another Sot, whoſe diabolick
Shams were confirm'd as Apoſtolick,
His Tenets now was forc'd to huſh,
To bawl a Rat-trap or a Bruſh;
And all the reſt through Pannick fear
Of Statute, ſheltring here and there,
Their likewiſe chang'd all o're the Nation,
Prov'd beſt the right Tranſubſtantiation.
Amongſt the crew that made this pother,
The Doctor had it ſeems a Brother,
Who at Saint *Omers* had proviſion,
To be a pimp to Superſtition,
And ſoon had learnt to hold a door
To *Babels* Prieſt, and *Babels* Whore;
To tract of which amour diſerning,
Gave him firſt light to human Learning;

For as a Pimp to Potentate,
Makes oft a solid Magistrate:
So he that best conceals the flaws,
And Errors in the Romish cause,
By true Church pimping is most fit
To make the ablest Jesuit;
To which degree by fortune blest,
Our novice was preferr'd with hast,
And hither sent with many more,
Upon the old converting Score,
But had not (as it seems) been here
Above a quarter of a Year,
When sullen fate began to lower,
And force that lawless crew to scower;
Or else disguis'd from place to place
Remove with danger and disgrace;
Amongst the rest whom these mishaps,
Had strictly forc'd to change their shapes:
He to prevent ensuing ill
Was forc'd to do't against his Will,

And now in Petticoat and Manto,
Like buxom Laſs, that trips Curanto
With Wires,(*e*) Comodes, and Topknots flaring,
Proper for modiſh Ladys wearing;
A graceful mein, and jolly face,
Came into the room where Major was,
Who quickly by her Brother knew her,
But was to ſay but little to her.
When after ſome diſcourſes kind,
And they had plentifully din'd,
Siſter had ſecretly her Cue,
The talk with *Collin* to renew:
Which if ſhe did the Votes o'th' day quote,
Or Joke upon his Beard, or Grey Coat,
His Stature or his Shape deride,
Or ōnce but touch on his blind ſide,
Might eaſily effected be,
Or railing at Presbytery.
Quoth ſhe, I'm offer'd a good Wager,
But yet durſt never lay it, Major,

That you've a Neighbour, that in Arts
Of arguing, has such topping parts,
That th' Devil cannot baffle him;
Of whom ('tis said) he is a Limb.
Deform'd and Stigmatiz'd by Nature,
And Crooked both in Mind and Stature:
His Head and Beard as black as Cole-hill,
A Barrel Paunch, and Back like Mole-hill;
And tho there's but one Eye in's face,
Dares think himself a Saint of Grace,
Who when all others blotches see,
Finds Beauties in Presbytery.
'Tis said too that his Folly chimes,
In Jingling praises of the times;
Decries and think 'tis done with Wit,
The reason of a *Jacobite*,
And Poyson'd with Phanatick Zeal,
Spreads Venom through the publick Weal.
This Monster, if there such can be,
I'd Ride a hundred Miles to see,

To Murder him in ſharp Debate,
As being of a Sect I hate.
Scarce *Collin* had this Language heard,
But Crimſon bluſh o're face appear'd,
And through his buſhy Beard, the blood
Shone like *Aurora* through a Cloud;
Gazing ſome time with eye like fire,
Upon his Foe, and her attire,
While Major in the Interim told her,
Him ſhe abus'd ſhe might behold here:
Impriſon'd Rage at laſt took vent,
And thus in Words its Rancour ſpent.
Quoth he, in all my life till now,
I think I never had to do,
With any of theſe Female Cattle,
Theſe things compos'd of noiſe and prattle,
Given to torment us, when the Devil
Had ſtrongeſt power of doing Evil.
Seven Fiends the Scripture does atteſt,
One deviliſh Woman once poſſeſs'd;

And if from every Rampant Dame,
There daily were caſt out the ſame,
You'd find in Perſon, or in Will,
One Devil or other lurking ſtill.
And tho y'have ſtil'd me here his Limb,
I'le prove I know no more of him,
Than only that I dare defy
Himſelf, and your Carnality.
Your Tongue too, that diviſions ran
Upon my Shape and outward man,
With men of Senſe will have regard
As little, as you'd have my Beard,
Which can be prov'd the chiefeſt Grace,
Nature e're gave t'adorn a face;
The *Spaniard* in moſt Grave Affairs
His Oath makes, *by theſe honour'd hairs*,
And holds it for a Damning Sin
To break't, be Whiskers ne're ſo thin.
And that great Author *Mandevile*,
Whom every one may read that will,

Reports

Reports that the (*f*) *Bononians* are,
Both Sexes, cover'd with long hair;
That th' bald are look'd upon as Beasts;
And Virgins Beards hang to their Breasts,
Which they with Ribbonds deck, as you
That Steeple geer upon your Brow;
Which, to my Judgment, makes you seem
Just like a Fore-horse of a Team.
Hair did the Face and Chin adorn,
Long e're such Fopperies were worn,
And still shall be esteem'd by me
As th' Type of Sense and Gravity;
When that lewd Ensign there of yours,
Shall be the badge of Bawds and Whores.

Quoth she, because I would not whip,
With Argument, your Pigmyship
Too soon, I've given you leave to fret,
E're I attack'd you in Debate.

But now your *Theſis* will convince,
And prove your major is not ſenſe.
If Providence did Beards deviſe,
To prove the wearers of them wiſe,
A fulſome (g) Goat would then by Nature
Excel each other human Creature:
The Reverend Clergy ne're would ſhave 'em;
Our Wives and Daughters too would have 'em,
If Heaven thoſe Tufts of Hair had ſent,
As if deſign'd for Ornament,
Complexion ſtill doth plainly ſhow
Cauſe, why Beards do, or do not grow.
The hot, the moiſt, and virile Nature,
Being moſt the cauſer of that matter,
And was a modeſt covering given,
More than for Ornament, by Heaven;
For had they been for graceful ſhew,
Our Sex no doubt had had them too.

Quoth

Quoth *Collin*, whether that be ſo,
That Womankind have Beards or no,
Is dubious, and admits a queſtion,
Which now you ſeem to make a Jeſt on;
Some Authors own they may be hairy,
In ſpite of Arguments contrary,
And prove by Books, and learn'd Diſcourſe,
Some ſort of Ladies have had Whiskers.
Tho the poſition wonder draws,
And thoſe too by a Natural Cauſe,
The (*h*) Queen of *Sheba*, as 'tis ſaid,
Had a ſmall Beard of ſandy red,
Which, when to ſtint her Nations quarrels,
She *Solomon* had pump'd of's Morals,
Grew and enlarg'd upon her Phiz,
Each day, till 'twas as long as his.
And of Examples too; I've ſome,
That I can trace much nearer home:
My Mother and my Siſter both,
Poſſeſſing Beards of handſome growth,

Which

Which made some ignorant (*i*) Capriches,
Believe and seize on 'em for Witches;
Nor them, nor my old Father spare,
Whom they believ'd a Conjurer.
When really from Beards arise
No ill, but signs of being wise;
And therefore those of female mold,
Seldom have any till they are old:
As for the Politiques I teach,
I fancy them, beyond your reach;
And your capacity would win
More fame by shewing you can spin,
Than pertly aiming at debate,
And meddling with affairs of State.
The famous (*k*) Sallique Law of *France*,
Their lasting glory to advance,
As I have heard my Father say,
No woman would permit to sway,
Their occult gifts being thought most fitting
For dresses, or to mind their knitting;

And therefore from all publique matters,
Still kept their Siſters, Wives, or Daughters:
And if in little *England* here,
The wiſe and wholſome cuſtom were
To gag 'em in their prating vein,
On the tranſactions of this Reign;
Or ſend 'em out from *London* all,
As once did Politique old (*e*) *Noll*:
You'd find leſs ſtore of villanies,
Leſs Cuckolds too, and fewer lies.

Quoth ſhe, thou doſt by this deſcribe
The ſordid nature of thy Tribe,
The ſneaking Presbyter exceeding
All other Sects in want of breeding;
And therefore by his mean deſerts,
Wouldſt rate and model others parts:
And tho our Sex thou wouldſt run down,
Yet ſhalt thou find amongſt them one,

Shall

Shall with your ableſt Rabbi vye,
In Logick or Philoſophy:
The Art of Arguing ſhew, and teach
To diſcuſs truth (*m*) from lyes, in Speech:
The Nature of a queſtion prove,
Simple or Compound that you move,
And by the (*n*) Predicables ſhow,
Whither 'tis ſtated right or no.
Genus & ſpecies in ſententia,
With *Proprium & differentia*,
Shall trot and amble in diſcourſe,
As eaſie as I make my Horſe.
Or if on Natural Tracts you dare
Pretend to talk, I'll poſe you there;
I'll ſhew through long laborious Studies,
The Natures of all ſorts of Bodies;
Of Fire, of Water, Earth or Air,
The Cauſes or Effects declare;
What 'tis makes ſtinking Fiſh to ſhine,
As if it had ſome light Divine:

Or

Or why a piece of rotten Poſt,
Shall to his Lodging light mine Hoſt:
The Nature of the Moon decreaſing
Declare; and what's the cauſe of ſneezing,
Of Coughs, and (*o*) Hiccoughs, the intents;
And why my Buxom Lady ſquints.
Nay more; what has this many years
Puzzled our beſt Philoſophers.
I'll tell why Dogs turn three times round,
About the place, where they lye down;
Which Myſteries, when the Wits of *Greſham*
Shall hear how plainly I'll expreſs them,
They'll own, in ſpite of publick Rumours,
They're not all Blockheads at St. *Omers*.

No ſooner *Collin* heard that word,
But ſtriking fiſt upon the Board,
Quoth he, I'll hold a pound to nothing,
We have got a Wolf here in Sheeps clothing.

By this Philosophy and Logick,
Which is the same to me as Magick,
With that last word join'd all together,
I find your La--ship a false Brother;
And should your Arguments repel
By Reason, with a Constable,
He would the best confuter be,
Of all rank *Roman* Sophistry,
By letting your high parts be known,
To Justice and the Learned Town.
As men that travelling learn the Arts,
By Murder oft improve their parts;
He that for Argument is hang'd,
Best proves how well he has harrang'd.
The Jesuit look'd pale at that,
As knowing he had slipt a fault,
But was resolv'd with a feign'd laugh,
And impudence, to put it off,
When *Collin* thus went on: The Nation,
I think, has many a Proclamation,

Which

Which does from Statute-Law proceed,
By which your Tribe were all forbid
As Traytors; yet as if you long for't,
You muſt come over tho you hang for't:
You muſt be crying up Dunce *Peters*,
Tho you howl after for't in Fetters;
Extol your Gods, the Fathers too,
Whom (if I ſaid were mad) 'tis true.
The very Founder (*o*) of ye all,
Scarce having Lucid Interval,
Who in the Rapture of his Fits,
Made all the Rules for Jeſuites:
Who has deſerv'd more than your Popes,
The ſtroke of Ax, or twitch of Ropes:
By Rapine, and by Avarice, ſome
Have made a Den of Thieves of *Rome*:
Some by curs'd Poyſon have been ſtruck dumb,
That t'others Bribes might get the Popedom.
Nay, one (*p*) whoſe tale I thought untrue,
Till now I chance to meet with you:

Tho to the Stews she was a Daughter,
Was chosen in *Rome* for *Sanctæ Pater*,
And by lewd Off-spring made us see
Her stanch Infallibility.

Quoth Priest, thou art the foul mouthst fel-
That ever at *Guildhall* did bellow, (low
When your damn'd party would controle,
A just election by a Poll.
And what or whoso'ere I am,
I'le prove it to your partys shame;
No private Sect deserves the Gallows,
So much as your Phanatick Fellows:
Tho Brethren of the Romish See,
Do venture here for Charity:
'Tis for some special act of Glory,
As to relieve from Purgatory,
Some Soul tormented, or to free,
By Pennance some young sinful she;

Who taking hold of apt occaſion,
Through Love made forfeit of Salvation;
And not through any ill Intent,
T'affront or curb the Government.
If Statutes-Laws againſt us be,
They 're ſo too 'gainſt Presbitery;
And who ought moſt t'obey the Senate;
Thoſe out o'th' Land, or thoſe live in it?
King * *James* pronounc'd no Fine or Death,
Sharper than Queen *Elizabeth*:
'Twas for the Monarchy we Fell,
Not ſneaking for a Commonweal.
We never ſet a King on's Throne,
And ſtraight conſpir'd to pull him down,
Becauſe againſt our wiſe Conſent,
He do's diſſolve a Parliament:
And for the ſake of a Round Tax,
Will not be made a Noſe of Wax;
Or that his Church Decree repels,
All the Republique Principles;

* *James* the Firſt.

And takes no Regal Dignities,
To be remov'd just when you please;
None of these Crimes our Tribe dare do,
Tho acted frequently by you,
Who ever were, and still will be,
The Moles to root out Monarchy:
That Scepters may be swayd by Laymen;
Blind Coblers and hard fisted Draymen:
'Tis not true Zeal by which you dare,
Cry down the Book of Common Prayer;
Or call Church Ceremonies Foppish;
Absurd, Ridiculous and Popish,
But sullen Pride to have the Glory,
To set up your own Directory,
And plainly show your strictest Zeal,
Is nothing but a stubborn Will;
For which you thrash your Pulpit Drum,
For which you daily Buz and Hum;
And snuffling to the Tribe disclose,
Dull Exhortations through the Nose;

Whose

Whoſe matter as ſoon make a Saint,
As the Tub do's in which you Cant;
And tho *Romes* Faith thou darſt Aſſail,
And rudely 'gainſt the Fathers Rail.
Was not the Victory known certain,
Gain'd by (*q*) St. *Auſtin* ore St. *Martin*,
Who ſtrove by ſly Sophiſtick Wit,
To contradict what t'other Writ,
Who ſtricter Piety can alledge,
Than th' Jeſuits in their ſober Colledge,
Of Bloody Combats again Satan,
What Sect could e're moſt juſtly prate on?
Iſt not recorded of (*r*) *Ignatius*,
That the Devil once tore his Muſtachio's?
At which enrag'd in pious Frollick,
To Cuffs they went, Bite, Box and B——
Where the infernal Demagog,
Was kick'd and beaten like a Dog.
And was he not without dry Blows,
Another time lugg'd by the Noſe,

When he his deviliſh Rules durſt urge,
And rail againſt the Mother Church?
Which if thou ever canſt make known,
By any of thy Brethren done;
Or that ſtarch'd F——ſon or L——b
Have ever cudgell'd Belzebub,
My own Opinion i'll defy,
And ſettle to Presbitery.

Quoth *Collin*, that we ever made
The Devil ſhrink by breaking's Head,
Would to the Wiſe as ſenſeleſs be,
As your Aſſertions ſeem to me.
But that the Serpent's Head we may
Have cruſh'd in a Spiritual Way,
And ſo have given him the rout,
I think I plainly can make out;
Nor have I 'gainſt your Church inveigh'd,
Till I its Fopperies had weigh'd.

Your Worſhiping of Stocks and Stones,
And bringing Life back with Saints Bones.
Your Reliques of St. *Jeromes* Teeth,
To cure the Pox and Fevers with;
And chaſt St. *Katherine's* Huckle Bone,
A certain Remedy for the Stone:
That the Lapets of St. *Bernards* Shooes,
Gave preſent eaſe to Childing Throwes;
And that his Hoſe could Wives redreſs,
From their Defect of Barreneſs;
With ſeveral Fopperies and Tales,
From (*s*) *Cauſin*, *Creſſey* and ſome elſe,
'Mongſt which particularly one,
I now think proper to be ſhown.

Late in the (*t*) the Kingdom of *Navarre*,
Liv'd a Young Hermit call'd St. *Clare*,
Who amongſt numbers whoſe fond Hearts
Were charm'd by his endearing Parts.
The Wife of a Rich Grandee ſtove,
To tempt to her unlawful Love:

But finding he ſtill anſwer'd no,
And to her Grief her Cake was Dough;
A cruel Act perform'd ſcarce read of,
Hiring two Braves to chop his Head off:
Which done, the Body upright ſtands,
Taking the Head between his Hands,
And walks two Miles with't to his Cell:
But what is yet more ſtrange to tell;
The Head did to St. *Auſtin* pray,
And Sung *Te Deum* all the way.
This, tho it many may deceive,
For my part I can ſcarce believe;
Yet if you'l bring me to a Prieſt,
Who being hang'd will break a Jeſt:
Or when he has endur'd the Shame,
Prays to a Saint, or Sings a Pſalm;
Deſpiſing Sheriffs, and their Ropes,
Ile be your Vaſſal, and your Popes;
Atteſt no more our Brethrens Right,
But turn your faithful Proſelite;

But if I see you once turn'd over,
Grow black in th' Face and not recover;
Or find ye lolling out your Tongues,
Not able to redress your Wrongs;
I then shall think your Saints and Rellicks,
Your Fathers and your other Frollicks;
Their Fights with Satan too, a Dream,
And that the Devil has cudgell'd them.

Quoth Jesuite enrag'd, thy Thoughts
In thy foul Scrowl of Life are blots,
Which in such quantities are made,
That no one can the Paper read;
The word *Phanatick* rightly taught,
Is one that runs stark Mad for naught;
Possessed with *Dæmon*, call'd his Will,
Which when he cants, steams out in Zeal;
Which tough Battoon. But the Major here,
Observing signs of Rage appear,

Both in the Prieſt and ſturdy *Collin*,
Who was from *Sheath*, *Toledo* pulling;
Pray'd th' Hoſt to take away his Siſter,
Who ſtraight at his requeſt diſmiſs'd her;
Whilſt *Collin* who had now no power,
Ore glowing Wrath, ruſh'd out of door,
Swearing the World ſhould know th' Abuſe,
The Commons had ſo near their Houſe,
Where Prieſt in Petticoats and Manto's,
Subjects for Poets to make Canto's,
Were ſculking; with which wrathful thought,
Home to his Inn at laſt he got,
Where how his Guide and he agreed,
In the next Canto you may read.

The End of the Third Canto.

WED-

WEDNSDAYS Walk.

The Argument of the Third Canto.

Mony, do's Collins *Rage allay,*
Who now is carried to a Play;
But hindring th' Actors, finds too soon
Himſelf, in danger of Battoon;
Till Punk *oth' Town takes him away,*
To th' Tavern, where denying to pay,
She wheedles him with Art profound,
And picks his Purſe of twenty Pound.

CANTO IV.

MOny, the Nerve of Peace and War,
That's both our Comfort and our Care:
The want of which is Mans undoing,
As well as its Exceſs his ruin.

Whoſe

Whose real Worth we nere esteem,
Through moderation, but extream:
How shall I treat thee, in terms Civil,
That art so exquisite a Devil?
By thee old Widows are put off,
Half rotten with Catrarh and Cough:
By thee Fools marry and get Maids,
With Wealth, and richer Maiden-Heads:
And by thee, good or ill Report
Is gain'd, with places too at Court;
Friends got, and Foes being made agree,
By thy Infallibility,
This influence that all Hearts can melt,
Amongst the rest our *Collin* felt;
Who just that Morning being paid
By th' Inn-keeper in way of Trade,
The twenty Pounds for Hay and Grain,
That long upon Accompt had lain;
Th' alluring Gold had so affwag'd
His Malice and controul'd his Rage,

That

That Rancour now was wholly ſpent,
And quite forgot his late intent:
Beſides, he knew the Prieſts ill treating,
Might hedge himſelf another beating:
Therefore thought wiſely to forbear,
Led it to by a prudent Fear;
At which the Major being well pleas'd,
Himſelf thus utters —— the diſeas'd;
In mind, my Friend's a worſe Degree,
Than is the Bodies Malady:
I infer this as firmly thinking,
Unleſs the Jeſuite had been drinking;
As 'tis their cuſtomary Trade,
That our late Diſputant was mad;
Which may to th' Wiſe in reaſon paſs ſo,
Becauſe thou knowſt their Founder was ſo;
And ever ſince their frantick Rules,
Have prov'd 'em Lunaticks or Fools,
Inſtructing Kings and troubling Reigns,
To feed the Worms in their own Brains;

Besides, his way of arguing,
I look on as a nauseous thing;
Where Reason only should prevail,
His chiefest Topic was to rail,
Thy Stature, or thy Shape deride,
Or simply rally thy blind side;
And what is least to be averr'd,
Deny the grandeur of thy Beard;
In which his folly I had shown,
In the defence of one more known;
But that I would not take from thee,
The Glory of the Victory.
The Beard's the honour of the Head,
As thou before hast rightly said;
And has in War been thought ere now,
Substantial Pawn for Mony too.
De Castro (*a*) when he had reliev'd,
A Famous Town by Indians griev'd;
His Treasure spent, and knowing th' Hopes
Of War was vain, not paying his Troops,

Dis-

Diſpatch'd to *Goa*'s Magiſtrates,
His Beard between two Golden Plates,
Intreating the Grandees to grant,
A hundred thouſand pounds upon't;
Which they contented with the pawn,
Straight ſent, nor further Note was drawn;
And what could greater Token be,
Than that of *Barbal* Dignity?
Beſides his poſitive denying
Of truths, declares their knack of lying;
Which I am very glad I heard,
Becauſe it has my ſenſe prepar'd
Their other Fallacies to gueſs,
Which Thought will make me grumble leſs.
The Church of *England* do's appear,
By this more beautiful than ere;
Which now my Heart ſhall take as guide,
Nor longer with their party ſide;
And tho I did the Times condemn,
As we all do that herd with them;

Reaſon

Reason at last shall take her Station,
And humbly preach up Moderation.

The subtile *Collin* smild at this,
As thinking to himself, there is
Just as much reason for this humbling,
As there was lately for your grumbling;
But fearing that a blunt aspersion,
Might balk the Major in's Conversion,
To humor him in's Tale agreed,
And let him in Discourse proceed.

Thou hast, quoth he, oblig'd thy self,
So much against this Popish Elf,
That I, altho I had a Hand in
The Trick, to pose thy Understanding,
Seeing thou didst thy self deliver
So well, shall prize thee more than ever;
And therefore now resolve to treat thee,
With some diversion that may get thee

To

To think, they are not here all Beasts,
Rude Car-men, Squib-makers and Priests;
But that acquaintance may be had,
With Gentry that are better bred,
Collin who was not such a Sot,
To refuse pleasure cost him nought,
With Thanks to th' Major gave consent,
Not knowing yet what Sport he ment,
Which th' better to inform ye here,
I think is proper to declare.

Upon the Bank of *Thame* and *Isis*,
That feeds the Wen of City Vices,
By bearing Wealth upon their Shoulders,
To Fools, Phanaticks and Free-holders:
A lofty pile their stands, whose use is,
To nourish and regale the Muses;
Not with Course Fare of Greasy Bits,
But with rare Treats of Costly Wits;

Jelly of Tropes, and Rich Potages
Of Rants, and High Poetick Rages;
Brisk Metaphors they also choose,
And simile to make Raggous,
Garnisht with Leaves of Antique Books,
And all the Poets are their Cooks.
Here Empress Tragedy still treads,
And the grand Dance in Buskins leads;
And Farce in Vizard Mask is seen,
In Mimick Garb like *Harlequin*;
Deck'd with a Nosegay of fresh Buds,
Of Prologues, Songs and Interludes.
Here each Mans Genius holds a Mirrour,
Where he may see and fly from Errour,
Where every Vice uncover'd is,
And every Fop may see his Phiz.
The Beau that rambles from the Boxes,
To the middle Gallery where the Pox is;
The Cully too that makes a show,
With Punk in the side Box below,

From

From whence his Heart e're she can ask it,
Leaps into th' Orange Wenches Basket;
There Pants, and Praises the dam'd Features
Of that most Impudent of Creatures;
As (*b*) Summer buzzing flesh-fly sprung,
From filthy Clod of Nauseous Dung,
Influenc'd by Heat with guilded Wings,
Sawsilly Dines and Sups with Kings;
So that deboach'd abandon'd Creature,
Got from the Dregs of Human Nature;
When th' Man most wanted a Physitian,
And Woman was in worst Condition,
By publick pimping and procuring,
By private Cheats and open Whoring,
Aiming at Wit and modish Jokes,
Familiar grows with Lords and Dukes;
Vices like these are here disgrac'd,
And with Satyrick stroke defac'd;
Th' Old Widow too that every Day,
Brings her brisk Daughter to the Play,

That those who do her Youth behold,
May think the Mother not too old,
Is very often put to th' blush,
Tho yet she cares not for't a Rush;
At least she is with Paint so Red,
That it looks just as if she did,
The secret Virtue of the Fucus
On Face as ancient as (*c*) *Bonducus*;
Fixing a Colour there that would,
Supply the want of modest Blood:
Blushing and Painting now are grown
An equal Imperfection;
Tho in past Times in bashful Face,
A Blush was thought a sign of Grace;
As tother in the Common Sense,
Was held a Type of Impudence:
In brief a mixture of all sorts,
Sit daily here to view the Sports,
And oft by *Satyr* bluntly us'd,
Generously pay to be abus'd,

Which

Which do's as much their Errors purge,
As a Lent Sermon would at Church:
Within a Covert call'd the Scenes,
Are bred a Fry of Kings and Queens;
Young *Heroes* learn to Huff and Strut,
Defie the Gods and Armies Rout;
And others ſtudy and grow thin,
To make a Crew of Coxcombs grin;
Here ragged *Wight* that once did uſe,
As bad a Station as the *Mews*,
By ſome Nice piece of Poets Wit,
Succeeding do's Preferment get
Of Food and Cloths, which yet can't hide,
His Leproſie of ſenſeleſs Pride;
But ſwearing to play th' Fool no more,
Still plays a greater, and gives ore:
Here ſimpring *Philly* too nere backt,
To earn her Bread begins to act;
Who when the Town to found her riſe,
Have Clapt her ſoundly once or twice,

Is snatch'd away by keeping Asses,
As soon as she has learnt her Paces;
But studying Parts (with Industry)
Of Natural Philosophy,
Improves, and after the first Night,
Grows fam'd, and takes up with A——
Then wisely hiding her disgrace,
The fam'd poetick Art do's praise;
And tho she knows 'tis like the *Chaos*
Extols the method of the Play-house.

To this rare place where Wit is taught,
The Major now had *Collin* brought;
The House was Peopled with all sorts,
The Cities product and the Courts,
An Ancient Comick Piece they knew,
Intitled the Fair of *Bartholomew*,
Collin first thought as he came in,
It had a Conventicle bin,

And that mistaking of the day,
The Major brought him there to pray;
He saw each Box with Beauty crown'd,
And Pictures deck the Structure round;
Ben, *Shakespear*, and the learned Rout,
With Noses some, and some without.
Loud Musick sounding through his Ears,
That were more sanctified than theirs,
Made him a great while doubting stand,
Till seeing Brother *Zeal o'th Land*,
Give to his Canting Sister Greeting,
Confirm'd him this must be a Meeting;
With Eyes turn'd up and shake of Head,
He now repeated all was said;
Admir'd the Habit of the Prig,
And wink'd at stealing of the Pig,
As wisely knowing all those Slips,
Natural to their Apocalips;
And that the Brethren may Steal,
As well as Lie, to shew their Zeal;

He had not long been in this Rapture,
Which pleas'd him more than any Chapter;
But by the Nature of the Play,
His Mood was turn'd another way;
For finding that a little after,
Meerly to urge the Peoples Laughter,
The Rabbi with loud Shouts and Mocks,
Was for Slight reason set ith' Stocks;
In *Breast* a suddain Anger glow'd,
And instantly revenge he vow'd,
As thinking this a base affront,
To the whole Tribe of those that Cant;
This Maggot working in his Pate,
He starts from off the Bench he sate;
And getting near half choak'd with Rage,
Thus spoke to those upon the Stage.

What Carnal Motion of the Beast?
What *Demon* Sirs has you possessest?

Or what curst Law is there that Grants,
This Licence to affront the Saints,
That labour in their strict Vocation,
And sweat to teach Regeneration?
Is now th' eleventh Tryal come,
In Persecution taught at *Rome*;
That thus you dare disturb their Zeals,
And tye unerring Truth by th' Heels?
If so, we have no more to do,
Both He and I will suffer too;
If not, it never shall be said,
An Elder to the Stocks was led,
For all the Rabble to deride,
Whilst I wear Bilboe by my side.

The Actors when he first begun,
By th' Noyse were stopt from going on;
Nor was the Audience less amaz'd,
Who all on *Collins* out-side gaz'd;

Who now possess't with zealous Rage,
Was getting up upon the Stage,
With Sword in Hand resolv'd on War,
With those who stock'd the Presbiter,
For sake of Brotherhood to ease him,
And from his Wooden Shame release him;
When Blew Coat Bully that stood by,
And heard his Chattring Lunacy,
Wondring to see a Country Lout,
In *Cassock* Vile to make that Rout,
His Noddle reaching with Battoon,
Gave him a thump that brought him down:
And now the Hubbub was so great,
That each one rose from off his Seat;
All Laughing at his Garb and Look,
Whom now they for a Madman took;
Till *Collin* who resolv'd to show,
He was a Wiser Man then so;
Nor *Begger* as they might suppose,
By the Humility of's Clothes;

Oth' ſuddain ſtopping the Diſcourſe,
Out of his Pocket pull'd his Purſe,
With twenty pieces in't of Gold,
His proper Right to have and hold;
Yet this ceas'd not the loud uproar,
But rather made the Laughter more;
And tho the Major fretting try'd,
To take him off to tother ſide;
And to inform him did his beſt,
That what he ſaw was but a Jeſt;
Yet he with late ill uſage heated,
Would forward, and had bin worſe treated
Had not a Female Waſtcoateer,
Came up, and whiſpering in his Ear,
The ill match'd Combatant drawn off,
Leaving the Crowd to ſhowt and laugh:
Major well noting this when don,
Was very glad to have him gon,
As knowing ſoon the time would come,
When he ſhould meet with him at home;

Whom

Whom now weel follow with his Lass;
But first discover who she was.

'Mongst all the Bevys of the Fair,
That born for human comfort are;
She of a Tribe was, that exprest'd
Their Natures gender than the rest;
And in a kinder Sphere did move,
By inclination led to Love;
For her no Heart yet ever broke,
That bating Sighs, could but have spoke;
Or when it was with Passion haunted,
Had skill to tell her what it wanted;
As *Phœbus* to the Plants below,
By whose indulgent warmth they grow,
No single influence lets fall,
But spreads his Beams in general;
So to each Supplicant that begs,
She kindly would her Arms or L——gs;

And like the Sun was underſtood,
To all Man-kind a common Good;
Her friendly willingneſs to pleaſe,
Oft puniſh'd her with ſore diſeaſe;
The Fire that in her Heart did glow,
Kindling a greater Flame below;
That ſometimes by emulſive drenching,
Has bin above a twelve-month quenching;
Whilſt Beauty fit to charm the Gods,
Was ſtudded like a Watch with Nodes;
Proving her Zeal to love the greater,
By taſting with its Sweets the Bitter;
The Pangs of Love are often thought,
As ſharp poſſeſſing, as when not;
His being as great that has enjoy'd,
As when he for enjoyment cry'd;
Which Plague is ſtill from Females found,
That are uncourteous or unſound,
But to proceed — — for Charity,
None noted was more fam'd than ſhe;

By Natural Generosity,
She was of precious self so free,
That meriting ten Guineys down,
She'd deign to smile on half a Crown:
Nay oft descend to poor *Parole*,
To shew the Bounty of her Soul;
So temperate too, that all her Meat,
Was generally what poor Folks eat.
No difference did, or none would know,
Twixt Heel of Lark and Heel of Cow;
Could Dine on Venson in the Kell,
Or Bread and Cheese would serve as well;
And Sprats lov'd to as nice degree,
As any Turbet in the Sea;
And as her Food was humble, so
Loud Fame declares her Drink was too:
She, costly Claret nere admir'd,
Nor ere to costlier Sack aspired;
The jolly Nut-brown, and the Quartern,
When Visitants came in, serv'd her turn;

And oft when Strangers were not there,
A Glass of Penitential Beer:
Strangers I mean, of her own kind,
Else when she with a Cully din'd;
That scruple she could soon undo,
And briskly tope Pint-Bumpers too:
At last, like pretty Birds oth' Air,
With Mate she'd to her Nest repair;
Which was to imitate 'em nigh,
In Garret plac'd five Stories high;
As she was fam'd for outward Parts,
Her inward were no less for Arts;
And tho she had not the Renown,
Of *Whited* or *Peter Herigone*,
Had made an entrance into the Staticks,
And several parts oth' Methematicks;
All Questions properly could state,
Touching the quality of *Weight*;
And tell exactly ere she'd leave ye,
Whither your Purse were light or heavy;

By Geometry could likewise know,
The breadth and depth of Pockets too;
Their Solids and their Superficies,
As easily as tell what this is:
And by quick Art of Hand and Brain,
Where something was, make nought remain;
In nimbly Plumbing the Convex,
Could out-do any of her Sex.
The worth of which rare Art to raise,
Made her haunt Crowds at Church and Plays:
And now did her Attendance draw,
To th' Play-House, where the *Collin* saw,
His Repution more to settle,
Gingling a Purse of pretious Mettle:
Not eager Lover, whose Eye-Balls,
Greedily on his Mistress falls,
Could half so strongly fix as hers,
To th' inward Merits of that Purse,
Which in her Eye made *Collin* shew,
As charming as a side Box Beau;

And caus'd her to prevent the Storm,
To draw him from off further harm;
Collin, who took her for a Sister,
With Love and Thanks return'd, carress'd her;
Believing her a Saint of Grace,
For modest wearing Masque on Face;
But reckon'd those within the Boxes,
All Ranters, Harridans and Doxies.
They now were to a place arriv'd,
For Mirth and Ease of Cares contriv'd,
Where Courtiers that till Midnight tarry,
Talk Politiques o're Sack and Sherry;
And Alderman to lewdness fallen,
Begins with Gill and ends with Gallon;
Where now both standing at the Door,
Collin entreats his Sister Whore
To let her Modesty incline,
T'accept of half a Pint of Wine;
Dear Friend, cry'd she, with all my Heart,
Let it be, if you please, a Quart,

To

To which he courteously cry'd no,
I hope I'm better bred than so.
To think a Lady like a German,
Can tope, or like an English Carman;
This said they down together sate,
When up the Knipperkin was brought;
Whose slender quality when she,
Sometime had Oagled spitefully;
And found th' Effects too little to make,
A just Provision for her Stomach,
To right the wrongs of that and Belly,
She thus do's frugal *Collin* rally.

Quoth she, this were a wretched Nation,
But for this kind of Consolation;
Where oft afflicted Nature uses,
To take amends for Lifes abuses;
And ease the Soul from toilsome thinking,
By a good Fellowship and Drinking;

And tho our Sex have always bin
Barr'd of that Cuſtom Maſculine,
When we in publick treat a Gueſt,
Or ſimpring ſit at any Feaſt;
Yet when a Knot of us appoint,
A Match amongſt our ſelves, a Pint
Or more, in a Beer Glaſs is then,
No more with us than with you Men,
Tho amongſt Strangers 'tis our way,
To Riot with a Diſh of Tea.
Like Lady —— at a Treat,
That cares not two-pence for the Meat;
Tho ſhe to th' ruine of the Feaſt,
Eats three times more than all the reſt,
Unleſs aſide you do her draw,
To take a Rouſe in Uſquebagh,
Or with ſome brimming Glaſs of Sherry,
Nutmeg'd and Sugard make her merry;
And many more whoſe quality,
Forbids their toping openly,

Will privately on good occasion,
Take six go-downs on Reputation,
With satisfaction then, and ease,
Correcting Breath with Lozanges;
Take leave and never stagring for't,
Call for the Coach and drive to Court;
And I my self that thus have said it,
Altho I would not lose my Credit,
By letting the Town know I quaff'd
A Quart of Claret at a Draught;
Yet here with such a Friend as you,
A Brother and in private too,
My self a Foe must needs profess,
To all such Knipperkins as this;
With that her Hand on Pot she laid,
And threw it over *Collins* Head,
With such a rage and vigor, that
It flew so near, it brush'd his Hat,
Who finding by this Action,
The Mettle of's Companion;

When

When he had ſtar'd on her a while,
Thus anſwers in his former ſtile,

I muſt confeſs, quoth he, that yet,
I nere in all my Travails met,
With any of the Siſter-hood,
That like you Toping underſtood,
Which may perhaps not be a Crime,
But the meer nature of this Clime;
Your Conſtitution being here,
Inur'd to Wine, as we to Beer;
Elſe I ſhould hold a Siſter naught,
Prophanely ſwallow'd ſuch a draught;
At *Heidleberg* the ſtricteſt Zealots,
Amongſt the Independant Prelats,
'Tis ſaid with large two Gallon Bowls,
Nightly refreſh'd their thirſtly Souls;
The Grandees (*e*) too of the Cabal,
Which once were call'd Synodical;

When they a knotty point of State,
Or th' Churches Interest would debate,
Made strong Potations Drench the Cause,
And legal Brimmers vouch the Laws;
And in some Grotto of their own,
With Cushions knock each other down;
But of your Sex I never knew,
Till now such offers as by you:
Yet that it never shall be said,
That I for Trifles Fraction made,
Or stop'd the Cause from going on,
Through my self-will'd opinion;
I am contented to sit by,
Whilst you your Humor satisfie;
And to a Pint more or a Quart,
Will pay my Club with all my Heart.

Quoth she, that Ladies nere must Club,
Has been a Custom old as *Job*,
Which your own Sex at first brought in,
To shew your right of governing;

Since

Since when by Courteſie o'th' Nation,
To treat our Sex has been a Faſhion,
Allow'd as fit, as to afford,
The Wall or upper end o'th' Board;
And 'tis this Courteſie, whoſe Rules
Supplies the groſs defects of Schools;
Difference twixt Gentry makes and Trades,
And Widows to take place of Maids,
Makes Barons of the Sons of Peers,
And tenders Homage to rich Heirs;
And whats moſt pertinent of all,
Gives to our tender Sex the Wall,
And with a generous freedom treat,
When ere we pleaſe to Drink or Eat;
Whilſt thoſe that have refuſals made,
Are counted as clowniſh and ill bred.

Quoth he, to be accompted clowniſh,
Would not methinks ſo ſharply puniſh,

As that luxurious treating Folly,
Do's by ensuing Melancholy:
The Purse the Elders of our Tribe,
Their Marrow of their Cause describe,
Which can't be like the pretious Brain,
Touch'd, must less lavish'd without Pain;
And I methinks find a small pang,
At your beginning this Harangue,
The Brethren arm'd with Truth sincere,
Can Strokes and Vile Reproaches bear,
Most patiently support Abuses,
And let their Credit suffer Bruises;
Neglect Affronts through Wisdom sage,
But if you touch their Purse, they rage;
Then Righteous Passion straight controuls,
And shews the fervour of their Souls,
By Interest exposing plain,
Our greatest Zeal is greatest Gain,
Besides, in Drinking or in Eating,
That senseless custom us'd of Treating,

Was

Was never, that I know, thought good,
By any of the Brotherhood;
Who when we meet about a Bargain,
And friendly Cheat each other for Gain,
Equally uſe to joyn our Pence,
To pay the Charge of Knipperkins,
Which adds to their Community,
And makes 'em frugally agree;
Nor can I tell a reaſon why,
This ſhould not be twixt You and I;
That paying of the Reckoning equal,
Should be, or clowniſh or illegal;
When doing it a Cauſe may be,
Stronger to knit our amity,
And makes that Love that's in my Breaſt,
For kindneſſes late paſt Increas'd,
Which would each hour grow more large,
The leſs that I am put to charge.

Thought Strumpt, ſince the Wind ſits there,
I'le take the right Sow by the Ear;
With Tricks and Female ſlights, your Curſhip,
Will mannage like a Man of Worſhip;
Shew th'ſnare from which Fools nere can get out
When e're a Woman ſets her Wit too't;
Then ſeizing upon *Collins* Fiſt,
She thus begun, Thou certain beſt
Of all the Pious Flock that e're,
Swet with Presbytery ſincere;
Forgive me that for th' Cauſes ſake,
This Tryal of thy Worth I make;
And like a Gem too rich for the Buyer,
Have prov'd thy merit as by Fire;
For tho I've talk'd of Quarts and Pottles,
And toping Mornings Draughts in Bottles,
As if I had the filthy Courage,
To make deboach in Nants and Burrage;
Or like a Porter could Regale,
With Pots of Purle, or Mugs of Ale;

'Twas

'Twas but falſe Fire; for in reality,
I'm of as niggardly a quality,
As thou art, or our Tribe Divine,
That on a *Pilchers* Head can Dine;
Luxury has ſo little force,
On me that now thy Wiſe Diſcourſe,
Appears a Banquet, I could Breakfaſt,
(My longing Arms about thy Neck-faſt,
Wer't not for ſhame) with looking on,
The Model of thy Outward Man;
I always lov'd thy dapper ſize,
Generally active made and wiſe;
And better Womens Men by half,
Than Lobs that play at Quarter-ſtaff;
Nature diminutively allures,
As Painting do's in Miniatures;
And in thy Perſon I can ſee,
Her Arts ſublimeſt Rarity,
Like (*f*) *Renaulds* World engrav'd upon,
The Surface of a Cherry Stone;

Thy

Thy Wit denotes the airy Part,
Thy Eyes, the Fire that warms each Heart;
Thy Beard do's th' rugged Earth diſplay,
And th' Watry Gulph thy Mouth, the Sea.

Whilſt thus our Lady of the Lake,
In Miſtick Praiſe of *Collin* ſpake;
His gaping Mouth ſo wide was ſpread,
Twas very like a Gulph indeed;
Eſpecially with Water flowing,
To hear expreſſions ſo like Wooing;
The God of Love to ſhew his Art,
So ſuddenly had ſhot his Heart;
The thrilling Pangs would ſcarce afford,
The Lover to get out a Word,
Till at laſt riſing from the Seat,
The ruddy Portal of her Pate;
He firſt Salutes, and finding ſhe,
With Smiles receiv'd the Courteſie;

With clumsie haſt he next begins,
To rob her Tippet of its Pins;
Columbus like reſolv'd to know,
The Secrets of the World below;
Nor was ſhe wanting in her Art,
Of flattery to perform her Part;
But with an artful Sigh did vow,
Our *Collin* far excell'd a Beau;
And that her Love ſhe could not ſmother,
To ſo ſincere and kind a Brother:
Things going thus they ſoon agreed,
To eaſe their Hearts and go to Bed,
To manage which ſhe deſir'd leave,
To go and that Affair contrive;
That ſo leſs Eyes might peep upon her,
And Secreſie ſecure her Honour;
To which poor *Collin* blind with Paſſion,
Readily gave his Approbation;
And as an earneſt of his Bliſs,
Twice having bruſh'd her ore the Phiz,

As

As often begg'd her to make haſt,
Thus ponder'd on the Action paſt:

Tho now my Method of proceeding,
Is by the Ignorant call'd Back-ſliding;
None that to knowledge have pretence,
Can ſay, I deviate from true Senſe:
The Ancients, as my Father taught,
Love, of all Gods, moſt potent thought;
And that warm Fever of the Mind,
A Paſſion of the Nobleſt Kind;
For all their Gods and Goddeſſes,
From higheſt to moſt low Degrees,
In ſpite of all their Divine Nature,
Were Captives made to charming Feature;
Which do's inevitably prove,
All things muſt bow to mighty Love;
Like them the Features of the Fair,
Have drawn my Heart into Loves Snare;

Power-

Powerfully forc'd to love this Creature,
Through Myſtical Impulſe of Nature;
Our Tribes I have obſerv'd Love ſtronger,
Than other Sects, and often longer:
Woman, to them's a Dainty made,
Which t'others is as daily Bread,
Which makes us without more adoo,
Say Grace and eagerly fall too;
Beſides, altho I make aſſault,
Upon her Perſon, yet my fault
Extends to no unnatural way,
Like that to which Back-ſliders ſtray:
I'm for the Orthodox plain manner,
Nor will put Popiſh Tricks upon her;
Or with Italian Methods Treat her,
As if ſhe were a four Legg'd Creature;
But Chriſtian like, blunt Love perſuing,
Show I make Conſcience of my doing;

Whilſt

Whilst *Collin* thus revolving was,
Upon the Merits of his Case;
A Fatal Messenger do's come,
Puffing and Sweating into th' Rome,
Saying the Nymph was just gon out,
And by him sent up a Note;
Which *Collin* taking pale with dread,
Thus with an Ague trembling, read,

The Strumpets Note to *Collin*,

My Dad was a Franciscan Fryer,
My Mother a dark Entry Plyer;
My self a Lifter, that have made,
Thy Pocket empty as thy Head;
The Jest will be found out by groping,
And so Dear John, *I leave thee toping.*

As condemn'd Fellon whose belief,
Has long insisted on reprieve,
Beholds to th' ruine of his Faith,
A suddain Warrant for his Death;

Des-

Despairing sinks, so cheated *Collin*
Into a deadly Sound was falling;
Stunn'd at the loss of Female *Crony*,
And what much dearer was, his Mony;
And now to make the Storms of Fate,
Appear far more unfortunate;
And prove that Proverb plainer known,
That says, no Mischief comes alone;
The Devil, ill Luck, and altogether,
Had sent the surly Major thither;
Who dogging *Collin* from the Play,
When Strumpet sprited him away;
Himself in Closet had been stowing,
And spitefully heard all the Wooing;
Seen *Collins* groping, and the Whores,
With all the other past Amours;
And now inflated with high Rage,
Which nought but Railing could asswage;
On *Collin* pours (half dead with anguish)
This *Aqua Fortis* of ill Language.

Fortune

Fortune is kind, *John Presbyter*,
To bring me in this Crisis here,
Where I with pleasure have been noting,
A Member of the Saints a Goating;
And seen what other things they feel,
Besides the Motions of their Zeal,
That 'tis not only fierce desire,
Of Heaven do's their Passions fire;
But carnal Deeds may sometimes set,
Their Dogships in as great a swet;
Their Christian Duty frames no terror,
To hinder Slips of venial Error;
But that a true bred Strumpet draws,
Their Tribe as quickly as their Cause;
After Rich Cargo in dear Sister,
I prethee change me, Friend, a Tester:
As Saints are stor'd with Spiritual Riches,
So still with Temporal, are their Breeches;
Where Purse is cram'd with Gold as full,
As with Devotion is the Scull;

And

And thou that art a Diſputant,
A profound Stickler as a Saint:
No doubt this Female here haſt drawn,
To make her give ſome wealthy Pawn;
For Leſſons of Phanatick Canting,
And cloſer Rules of Carnal Sainting:
But yet methinks that Curriſh leer,
No lucky Tokens makes appear;
But rather thou haſt catch'd a Tartar,
And been laſh'd worſe, than that from Carter,
By meeting one that could purloin,
Not only Credit, but thy Coin;
If this be true as it appears,
Why doſt not rowſe and ſhake thy Ears;
Rally thy Wits and tip thy Tongue,
In Argument ſome three hours long;
As thou haſt us'd, and prove by Speeches,
The Merit of venereal Itches;
Defend the Vertues of your Elders,
That get on Strumpets *Hans en Kelders*;

And that 'tis don to clear the Reins,
After long toils of Godly Pains;
When th' Holder-forth that gives the Bleſſing,
Calls Whoring Spiritual Refreſhing;
As thou Hypocriſie and Lying,
A new found Tract of Self-denying;
But as a Friend I muſt adviſe ye,
To place your ſtif Poſitions wiſely;
For all your Majors ſcarce will make,
Me thinks, what's paſt for Virtues ſake;
Or that this Bulker of thee Town,
Came only here to rub ye down;
Propos'd a Spiritual Collation,
Of dull long-winded Exhortation,
Meerly to know how you could chatter,
But for another kind of Matter;
The inward Virtues of your Purſe,
Ingag'd her, not your wiſe Diſcourſe.
Your canting Topics might have ceas'd,
Or cool'd your Broth, or what you pleas'd;

Had

Had not your Mony brought the Dame,
To Fan and Countenance your Flame;
T'admire that ſhaggy Tuft of Hair,
Tho black and brindled as a Bear;
And ſwear that awker'd one-Ey'd *Phiz*,
As charming as God Cupids is;
Your Corps, too had ſhe not intended,
To cheat it, might have been ſuſpended;
Or if the Devil had come to ſeize ye,
That Moment you had found her eaſie;
Provided ſhe from Charge releas'd ye,
And of the Golden God had fleec'd ye;
'Twas that indulg'd alluring Arts,
Not any feeling of your Parts;
Tho whilſt ſhe on your Lap was dandling,
I could perceive what Things were handling;
From peep-Hole ſee how you careſt her,
More like a Strumpet than a Siſter;
Where chance did to my Eyes reveal,
Th' ſtrange ſtifneſs of Phanatick Zeal.

Are these the Morals of that Tribe,
Which thou so often didst describe?
Is this your self denying Practice,
Dissembling worser than the Fact is?
He that in Corner sneaking Sins,
Out-do's the lewdest Libertins;
Tempts more the anger of his God,
Since his Devotion is his Bawd;
For t'others publick Infamy,
Makes use of no Hypocrisie;
Therefore for th' one deserves Heav'ns Wrath,
Much less than thou hast done for both.
How often hast thou been extolling,
When reeking Brother has been bawling,
A Lecture against Bawds and Whores,
Brothels unclean and lewd Amours;
Affirming th' Bishops did appear,
Like *Baals* Priests to him stood there;
That such firm Doctrin nere was read of,
Tho Dr. *H.* shake his Head off;

Look

Look ſowrer than the Switzer Cantons,
And thraſh his Pariſh to Repentance;
And yet in midſt of all thy Zeal,
For the Old Cauſe and Common-weal;
Tho all thy Wits ſo harraſs'd were,
To make a Rabbi of a Player;
And th' Error very like to make,
Thy twice drub'd Bones, a third time ake;
By being expos'd to Fops and Cullies,
Spruce Cittizens and Fluſtred Bulleis;
Yet in this juncture to be drawn,
Thence by a Whore, and left in pawn;
To leave ſpiritual Intentions,
To follow carnal vile Inventions;
With Common Trader hold Diſcourſe,
And ſo unguarded leave thy Purſe;
Nay, be ſo ill contriv'd a Block-head,
As not to know ſhe pick'd thy Pocket;
Is meer Enthuſiaſm, and to me,
Shews th' Nature of Presbitery;

Whom Intereſt and ſometimes Whoring,
Still vary from devout Adoring;
And tho like Saints they ſeem to be,
Are all in Corners juſt like thee.

Quoth *Collin*, he that once is down
On th' Earth no further can be thrown;
Unleſs into his Grave, and there,
I zealouſly could wiſh I were;
Not for your ſharp Rebukes or Taunts,
For thoſe are common to the Saints:
But for th' abuſe of couzening Female;
Fram'd for Confuſion ſure of the Male;
And moulded to allay the Joys,
Without her, found in Paradiſe.

Some twenty Winters ſince or more,
Ere yet my Child-hood was paſt ore;
One Evening to my Fathers Houſe,
Came a Young Tawny tatter'd Blowſe;

Her

Her Skin ſhew'd juſt that coulour'd Vellam,
That Wallnuts give to thoſe that ſhell 'em;
And at her Back a Kid that cry'd,
Still as ſhe pinch'd it, faſt was ty'd;
With which, and wild Egyptian Jabbering,
She got her Living without Labouring;
She in all Fortunes good or bad,
Pretented ſhe ſtrange Knowledge had;
Could foretel loſs of Maiden-heads,
And Husbands give to longing Maids;
And for a Teſter given, declare
What Colour and what Size they were;
She'd tell by Lines in your left Hand,
Whither you'd ſell or purchaſe Land;
What ſort of Miſchief ſhould undoo Man,
Whither by Trading, or by Woman;
Or if your Conſtitution were,
Fitter to Marry or forbear;
Then as you did more Mony give her,
Told things to come, if you'd believe her;

By Dimples, ragged Warts and Moles,
Declar'd the Secrets of your Souls;
And to all Queſtions hit ſo right,
The Country took her for a Spright.

This Succubus or Demi-devil,
Foretold to me my late paſt Evil;
That in the Year of forty one,
Which now my preſent Age I own;
My Fate was fix'd to be ſeduc'd,
And by a ſtrange Cleft Monſter chows'd;
Which ſtill I thought was ment by Witches,
Wild Mares, She Monkies, or Mad Bitches;
But in my Heart could nere believe,
A Siſter ſuch a Devil, ſince *Eve*;
For that ſhe was one of our Tribe,
Her Geſture and her Tone deſcribe;
Nor did her other Actions leſs,
Diſcover ſhe was one of us;

The Saints oft take it for no failing,
When Youth and Vigor are prevailing,
Friendly to meet a Zealous Brother,
And heartily Careſs each other;
When the Intreague from neither draws,
Shame or diſcredit to the Cauſe;
At worſt 'tis but a venial Evil,
But to pick Pockets, that's the Devil;
The Siſters ſuch abhorrence make,
Of Theft, they rather give than take;
And oftner pay for the Exploit,
Than rob our Purſes of a Doit;
Therefore this late amphibious Beaſt,
Was ſure the Spawn of ſome lewd Prieſt;
Some Rampant Scoundrel Romiſh Prig,
Begot her on a Female Whig;
And taught her to be Mercenary,
And Spanniel like to fetch and carry.
How well this Paſſage gives occaſion,
To Argue for Predeſtination;

Some destin'd are to loss of Crowns,
Others Repute, and twenty Pounds;
Which is the same to me, as them,
A Kingdom and a Diadem;
And every other thing must be,
Persuant to a first Decree;
For had it on free Will consisted,
Purse had been here, and I not mist it;
My Reputation too had been,
As it was wont to be, serene;
Whereas in spite of my Complaints,
I'm now a Scandal to the Saints;
Exposing in this sort my Honour,
For being taken in the manner;
The foulness of my late Transgression,
Being most the want of my Discretion;
Crimes still are Mischiefs we expose,
But that's no fault, that no one knows;
Especially when it is done,
Against any pow'r below the Moon:

For as in Felony no Thief,
Whoſe Stars allow him no reprieve,
We find was ever hang'd for ſtealing,
But for not luckily concealing;
So 'mongſt the Saints, none's diſreſpected,
For failings, but for being detected;
The Miſchiefs of all Faults unknown,
Being no more than Thoughts undone;
How truly Happy had I been,
If I this Town had never ſeen;
But in the Country held the Plow,
And prepar'd Land to Till and Sow;
Secur'd my Goods or Coyn from ſtealing,
And the Saints frailties from revealing:
There in a ſtate of Innocence,
We meet and Act without Offence;
No vile Detractor interloping,
Nor any itching Spy Eves-dropping;
But Cordial Love and Amity,
Affect both high and low Degree;

The Brethren with the Sisters prove,
By fervent Acts, their zealous Love;
And constantly deserve Applause,
For th' earnest pushing on the Cause;
Whilst here in this Satanick Town,
Rude Carters live to knock Men down;
One walks in fear to lose ones Beard,
By Rogues Intituled the Black-Guard;
And if you ere expound a Text,
To any of the Female Sex;
'Tis ten to one you meet a Creature,
Of so deprav'd and vile a Nature,
As this my late and worst of Whores,
That the same time she graspsyour — Purse;
Shall by a Trick as strange as true,
Deprive ye of your Mony too;
Therefore good Major as you made me
Come hither, do not now disswade me
From instant leaving this vile place,
Where I can't live but in disgrace;

Where

Where if I tarry I ſuppoſe,
I ſhall to morrow loſe my Noſe;
For Purſe was quite as near to me,
And yet 'tis ſtoln from me, you ſee:
In th' Honeſt Country I was born,
And to that Station muſt return,
Where I can Things, and People find,
Suiting the plainneſs of my Mind:
I ought to talk of Hogs and Cows,
Rather than Laws of th' Commons Houſe;
For bold aſpiring after Fame,
Has brought me to the Caſe I am;
And whither Grumbler or the Whig,
Are wiſer in their Grand Intreague;
I'l leave to you that Love diſputes,
And inſtantly draw on my Boots;
Then Trot off from this Town of Sorrow,
More Vile then *Sodom* or *Gomorrow*.

This

This said, half tumbling o're the Chairs,
For haſt, Poor *Collin* got down Stairs;
Reſolving from the Town in Poſt,
To ride within an hour at moſt;
But how the Major ſtop'd his ſpeed,
Is for our ſecond part decreed.

The End of the Fourth Canto.

A N

ANNOTATIONS TO THE FIRST CANTO OF THE FIRST PART.

(a)

Abdication, being a Word that has ſo unexpectedly been thought fit to ſerve the Nation in ſo Important a Juncture, tho it muſt needs be known to every one that underſtands Latin; yet 'tis fit to inform the Ignorant, that it means a Deſerting or Relinquiſhing a Command or Government.

(b)

Captain *Tom*, a Butcher, who in the beginning of the Late Revolution, having an occaſion to diſmiſs the Mobile rais'd in great Numbers in *Smith-Field*, ſpoke thus, *Gentlemen of the* Mobility of England, *I Adjourn*

you

you all till to Morrow three in the Afternoon, and take notice you are Adjourn'd accordingly.

(c)

Little Shock Dogs of *Bollonia*, whose Noses are broken by those that sell 'em to make their Price the better; The Moors generally use their Infants so, believing a flat Nose an admirable Feature.

(d)

OEconomy, ordering, or the prudent government of a Thing.

(f)

Architas, a Famous Mathematician of *Tarentum*, Renown'd by *Horace*, who speaks of him in one of his Odes; he by rare Cunning delivered *Plato* from the Tyranny of *Dionisius*.

(e)

Charleroy, a Town in the Low Countrys, which I could not forbear noting, by reason of the extraordinary Renown it bears in being accompted by all that are skilful in the Mathematicks, to be the most Regular Fortification in the whole World.

(g)

Pentagons, *Bastions*, *Ravellings*, &c. are the Terms of Art us'd for Part of the Works belonging to a Town Fortified.

(h)

This Hurling is an Ancient Sport us'd to this day in the Countys of *Cornwall* and *Devon*, where

where once a Year the hardy young Fellows of each County meet; and a Cork Ball thinly plated with Silver, being thrown up between 'em, they Run, Busſle and Fight for it, to the witty diſlocating of many a ſhrew'd Neck, or for the ſport of telling how bravely their Arms or Legs came to be broke when they get home.

(*i*)

Tuſſer was an Antique Author, famous for writing a Book of Husbandry, and was juſt as good a Poet for a Gardner, as our late *Taylor* was for a Waterman.

(*k*)

This Conceipt is improv'd by the Story of *Diocleſian*, who whilſt a private Captain had this Augury ſpoke to him by a Sibil, *Imperator eris cum Aprum interfeceris*, which he miſtaking for a Foreſt Boar, went dayly a Hunting, making great ſlaughter amongſt 'em, but without any Succeſs, till at laſt fighting with *Volutius Aper*, the right Boar was ſlain, and the Sibils words fulfill'd.

(*l*)

Drexelius, a Reverend and Worthy Divine, that writ an admirable Book upon Eternity.

(*m*)

Cornelius Agrippa, was accompted a Magician at one and twenty Years Old, for writing his Book of Occult Philoſophy.

(*n*)

Zoroaſter and *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, were two of the firſt Learned Men that treated of Magick, ſtriving to prove it only the higheſt and moſt ſacred Philoſophy; and that the Name Magician ſiginifies only a Wiſe Man, a Prieſt, a Prophet; and that they were ancieently receiv'd and honour'd by all Learned Philoſophers, commended by Divines, and not unacceptable to the Goſpel; tho a great many ſupercilious Cenſurers, will have 'em to be Sorcerers, and wicked Dealers with the Devil, tempted thereto by Ambition or Intereſt.

(*o*)

Hannibal or *Annibal*, the greateſt General of the Carthaginians, was ſworn by his Father at firſt taking up Arms, to be ever a mortal Enemy to the Romans.

(*p*)

A great part of the Majors grumbling Diſcourſe here was tranſvers'd from Dialogues of ſome Church Men, (as their Habits declar'd 'em) perform'd in a Coffee-Houſe in the City, who I could wiſh would take honeſt *Collins* Advice, Page 38. to be,

——— *For Union in the Main,*
What ere Opinion they maintain.

The

(q)

The seven Sacraments of the Romish Church, which they hold to be instituted by *Jesus Christ*, and necessary to the Salvation of Man-kind, tho not all of them necessary to every Man.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE SECOND CANTO.

(a)

ST. *Dunſtan* was Arch-Biſhop of *Cant.* and weilded the Croſier about the Year — a St. of that Purity of Life as the Romaniſts have render'd, and withall ſo Artful in Diſpute, that once after a long Argument with the Devil, he forc'd him to own himſelf confuted, which the vulgar Opinion is, he did, by taking him by the Noſe with a great Pair of red-hot Tongs.

(b)

Herbert in his Book of his Travels relates this pleaſant Cuſtom of the Ethiopians, which he ſays was judiciouſly us'd to prevent Sodomy; the Bruitiſh Men that Inhabit the Country, being much more inclin'd to make Cattamites their Miſtreſſes, than Beautiful Women their Wives, which intolerable injury

jury to Honour and Nature, the Poor neglected Females, ſtrove to redreſs by inventing a Courteſie, whoſe tempting Quality they believ'd moſt likely to draw 'em back to their Duty: To this effect came out an Edict from a certain Queen, Regent there, who the better to allure the Inhabitants from that unnatural Guilt, ordain'd for the Women a certain Habit ſo ſtraight and narrow, that every Motion expos'd their moſt ſecret Beauties to the Eye of every Spectator.

(*c*)

This Paſſage of *Collins* Whipping, is in imitation of a real Scuffle that I ſaw happen between a Carman and a Country Fellow, who amongſt a great many others, as it is their daily Cuſtom, was ſtaring and wondring at the Figures that ſtrook the Quarters upon the Bell.

(*d*)

Here I could not help doing my ſelf the Honour of particularly imitating the Famous Mr. *Butler* in his *Hudibras*, who in deſcribing the Combat betwixt the Knight and *Talgol*, whom he had certainly ſlain; but ——

Pallas in the ſhape of *Ruſt*, &c. page —

(*e*)

Peter Aretine, A Famous *Italian* Poet and Painter, who for Publiſhing a Book of ſhame-

ful Nudities and Poſtures, was doom'd by the Senate to have his Eyes put out.

(f)

Anthropophagi are a Barbarous People of *Scithia*, who delight ſo extreamly to feed upon Human-Fleſh, that they make perpetual War with their Neighbours meerly for the Luſt of Eating, all whom they Kill or take Priſoners.

(g)

Domitian the Emperor, at his idle Hours would often deſcend to the petty Tyranny of torturing Flies, about which noble Enterprize he would oft employ himſelf alone in his Chamber ſome hours together, inſomuch as once when one enquired whether any were within with *Cæzar*, *Criſpus* (in waiting) made anſwer, *Ne Muſca quidem.*

(h)

Dirundan was the Name of the Sword of *Orlando Furioſo*, as the renowned Italian Poet *Arioſto* mentions it in his Hiſtory.

(i)

Don Quixot de la Mancha's Tilt with the Wind-mills, is ſo obvious to every one, that it would be impertinent to note it further.

(k)

Alluding to his freeing the Slaves that were doom'd to the Gallies mention'd in the —— Chapter of the Hiſtory of *Don Quixot.*

Fulvia

(*l*)

Fulvia, the Concubine of *Quintus Curius*, one of the chief Conſpirators with *Cataline*, who according to the Cuſtom of *Jilts*, ſlighting her Gallant becauſe his Treaſure was exhauſted, was by him, to regain her Favour, inform'd of the Conſpiracy, which ſhe as ſoon as known declares to the Conſul, not through any point of Honour or Juſtice, but like a right Woman, through Vanity, that ſhe might take place of *Sempronia* and *Catiline's* Mrs. *Aurelia Oreſtilla*.

(*m*)

In *Ben Johnſons* Tragedy of *Catiline*, *Cicero's* Oration to the Senate, and ſeveral other Speeches are tranſlated from his own Latin, and that of *Saluſt* Word for Word.

(*n*)

Palinode ſignifies a recanting or unſaying of what has been ſpoken or writ before.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE THIRD CANTO.

(a)

THE Major in this place seems to make a reflection upon some late Passages of Cuckoldom publickly expos'd in *Westminster*-Hall, which being so generally known, I think improper to explain further.

(b)

This reflects upon an Observation on some Fresh-Water Officers, whom lately in the Court of Requests in my hearing were severely descanting upon the Conduct and Proceedings of Duke *Schomberg*, bitterly inveighing against his Slowness in giving Battle, and tainting his fifty Years Experience, with a bold affirmation of what they would Instantly perform if they were in his Post.

In

(*c*)

In the ſame place a Comical Red Nos'd Fellow that ſells Brandy in or near *Bucklers-Bury* in *London*, was vehemently ſputtering his Indignation againſt the Tax of two Shillings in the Pound, withall, politickly affirming, that to his knowledge the Parliament might maintain the War at a far leſs Expence to the Subject.

(*d*)

Several Famous Authors affirm, that the Ancient Egyptians held an Onion in ſuch veneration, that ſome of the bigotted ſort in a ridiculous manner us'd to kneel down and Worſhip it.

(*e*)

This is a new Invention for the Ladies to dreſs their Heads upon, by the convenience of which the whole Dreſs may in a Minute be taken off, or put on without any trouble.

(*f*)

Pliny and *Solinus* make mention of diverſe Hairy Nations; and *Lycoſthenes* Writes of a certain Iſland, the Inhabitants whereof have all their Parts, except their Faces and Palms of their Hands, cover'd over with long Hair; part of the Hide of ſuch a Savage, a certain Sarmatian ſent unto *Uliſſes Aldrovandus*, and is kept in the *Muſæum* of the Bononian Senate: Theſe kind of Wild Men were firſt ſeen at *Bononia*, when the beautiful Marchioneſs of

Soranium

Soranium coming thither, was nobly receiv'd by the *Illuſtriſſimo Marcus Caſalius*, who brought with her a Hairy Girl of eight Years of Age, being the Daughter of a Wild Man born in the *Canaries*, whoſe Effigies * *Aldrovandus* expos'd to the view of all his Friends as a great Rarity; there are, as *Euſebius* alſo writes, in the Eaſt and Weſt *Indies*, Wild Men who are born ſmooth like our Infants, but as they grow up have Hair covering their whole Bodies.

* *Aldrovand.* in *Monſt.* Hiſt.

(*g*)

This was from an Obſervation occaſion'd by the *Ruſſian* Embaſſador, who was here about the Year 1678. who amongſt other places viſiting *Suttons* Hoſpital, in the chief Room chanc'd to ſee his Picture drawn, with a great Beard, which gave the Embaſſador (who himſelf wore a very large one) occaſion to reflect on the Engliſh for leaving off ſo graceful an Ornament, that their Anceſtors ſo highly eſteem'd, till one that ſtood by wittily anſwer'd by his Interpreter, The very Goats here wore Beards, which made the Natives count 'em the leſs Ornament or Honour.

(*h*)

This I can no further affirm, than that in the Country of *Aſia* where this Queen reign'd, a venerable Author Writes of Women generally

nerally having Beards, and consequently she amongst thereſt, for I'l not bate her a Hair for her Quality.

(*i*)

Several Old Women ſuſpected for Witches in and about *Lancaſhire* have been often noted to have Beards of conſiderable growth, tho that's no general Rule, ſome of the Reverend and Vertuous being often liable to the ſame.

(*k*)

The Salique Law was made to hinder the Crown of *France* from falling from the Sword to the Spinning Wheel, *i. e.* That it never ſhould be inherited by Women; it is called *Salique*, either from theſe Words, *ſi aliqua* very often us'd in the ſaid Law, or from the River *Sala*, near unto which the *Franks* anciently inhabited.

(*l*)

This was a piece of Policy in *Oliver Cromwell*, who whilſt the long Parliament ſat, and the principal Affairs of State were acting, publiſh'd an Order for baniſhing all the Ladies of the Cavalier Party out of *London* and the Suburbs, that their Wit or Beauty might have no occaſion or opportunity to influence his Friends againſt him.

(*m*)

To diſcuſs Truth from falſehood in any Speech, is one of the two Ends or Offices of Logick,

Logick, as the other is to teach a compendious Way to attain any Art or Science, by ſhewing the Method to be obſerv'd in coming to the perfect knowledge of them.

(*n*)

Predicables are certain Degrees of Words that are of one Affinity, ſhewing which comprehend more, and which leſs; there are five of them in Logick, viz, *Genus*, *Species*, *Differentia*, *Proprium* and *Accidens*.

(*o*)

Ignatius Loyola the Father and Founder of the Jeſuits, tho never ſo ſhrew'd a Diſputant in his *Lucid Intervals*, yet was by ſeveral leſs bigotted Writers of his own Order at other times accompted little leſs than a Madman.

(*p*)

The infalibility of Pope *Joan* has been ſo publickly expos'd, I think it needs no further Comment.

(*q. r.*)

A little Treatiſe of *Martin Luthers* to Cardinal *Borachio*, confutes admirably the Arguments of St. *Ignatius* concerning the Sacrifice of the Maſs; and this Story of *Loyola's* beating the Devil, is recorded by the Romaniſts themſelves in the Hiſtory of his Life, where Page 80. we have an account of the Devils appearing to him, indeavouring to diſturb him in his Prayers, and was by him as often as he came, very well Cudgell'd and Drub'd away,

away, which if I have chang'd into a Boxing bout to adapt it the nearer to my Poem, I hope the Author has receiv'd no Injury, and that the Reader will forgive me.

(*s*)

Cauſin and *Creſſy*, two Jeſuitical Writers, and great Aſſerters of Romiſh Miracles.

(*t*)

The Original of this Story of St. *Clare*, may be found in *Creſſy's* Hiſtory, page 411. amongſt many other of the ſame Nature, juſt as true as this.

A N-

ANNOTATIONS TO THE FOURTH CANTO.

(*a*)

THis Paſſage may be found in the Hiſtory of *Don John de Caſtro*, written by ——— which confirms the great value the Portugueſe and Spaniards put upon their Beards, which Punctilio they held to ſo ſevere a Degree amongſt 'em in general, that when one *Le Rock*, a Famous *Banditti*, was taken and Condemn'd to be Executed at a certain day for ſeveral inſolent Robberies and Murders, yet pawning a Tuft of his Beard to his Keeper, that if he would let him in the interim go abroad and diſpatch a ſmall Affair, he would return punctually to the time; it was granted him; and having ended his Buſineſs came honourably back that very Morning to redeem his Whisker, and was accordingly Executed.

The

(*b*)

The Character of an Impudent Play-House Orange Wench, being there every day acted, I think needs no further Comment.

(*c*)

An Ancient and Heroick Queen of *Britain.*

(*d*)

Alexander White and *Peter Herrigone*, two very Famous and Learned Mathematicians.

(*e*)

These Grandees are meant by *Oliver Cromwells* Privy Council, who after they had been laying the Scene of some brave Fellows Ruin, frequently fell to drinking, and in the middle of their Cups, their chief diversion was to knock one another off the Chairs with Cushions.

(*f*)

Renauldus or *Rhinaldus*, an exquisite Germain Artist, that Engrav'd the World so Artificially on a Cherry-Stone, that as a Famous Antique Author reports, there might plainly be dicern'd each particular Kingdom or Country —— Believe as you think good, *&c.*

FINIS.